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1924

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The Same Old New

New Year—is it—well let's see.
Same old stuff—it seems to me—
Same old evils, same old rights,
Same old quarrels, same old fights,
Same old bonds and same old shares,
Same old bulls and same old bears,
Same old fevers, same old chills,
Same old dope and same old pills,
Same old grippe and same old flu—
Gosh—what a gall to call it new.

New Year is it? May be so.
But it is the same old laughs and same old cry,
Same old cost of living high,
Same old handshakes, same old guff,
Same old flim-flam, same old bluff,
Same old jokes and same old sobs,
Same old income, same old jobs,
Same old don't and same old do—
Gosh—what a gall to call it new.



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(Opp. Maplewood)

W. L. Mercer, Mgr.

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Musical Instruments**

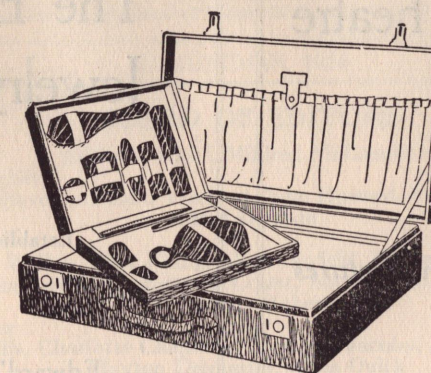


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Julia Levine, Robert McLaughlin



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Established 1848

Edward's Building

Gifts that Last

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The STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. X

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No. 3

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Christmas!

*"Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."*

ARE not the words of this poem true? In spite of disaster or misfortune, will we not always keep our Christmas merry? Christmas, more than any other holiday of the year, is a day for the people of all countries. No matter what sad memories it may bring to our mind, it will always be a time of mystery, excitement, and even enchantment. It will be an endless source of merriment, of joy, of benefits and of blessings. We will always be ready, regardless of age, to listen rapturously to the magic couplets of that immortal poem, "The Night Before Christmas", or to sing carols under some window. Christmas, too, more than anything else, helps keep in our minds the character of our religion. We make Christmas a time for gayety and music, because our religion is one of happiness, cheerfulness and friendship, and not one of gloom and sadness. As it is especially one of friendship, we are taught to bring our friends and families together and to make our hospitality warm and cordial. It is from this same spirit of friendliness that we have that joyous greeting "Merry Christmas", which causes everyone to enter into the spirit of the holiday. Indeed, all the sympathy and affection shown on this day should be an incentive to better work and greater accomplishment. To celebrate Christmas in a true way, we must think of others and, in the words of our Community Campaign, "Open our hearts and let our joy gladden the life of another."

*" 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer,
The poor man's heart thru half the year."*

D. Newhall, '25

Merry Christmas to the Pen

CHRISTMAS time is here with its scores of presents to be attended to. Nothing must be forgotten at this most important season. Look over your lists to see if the Students Pen is where it ought to be—at the very top! There is no question about what to do for the Pen. Patronize the advertisers who support it! In our paper there are advertisements for almost everything from jewels to plumbing, from candy to house-furnishings, from dolls' clothes to automobiles. There is variety enough to cover a great deal of your Christmas shopping, if not all. Show the business people of this city that you are thinking of the Pen at Christmas time, and that you will remember those who have helped it. Let your Christmas present to your paper, then, be that of support to its advertisers, and make it your New Year's resolution to continue this support throughout the year.

Winifred Kilbridge, '25

Just Giving

THE first thing that many of us think of at Christmas is giving. Now isn't it? There is something about the mere thought of the day, that makes us want to mark it with gifts to our family and friends. This is our Christmas spirit.

There are two kinds of personal gifts. The first is called, "just giving". This always includes the people who are first on our lists, and whose presents we can hardly wait to make or shop for, because we just love to give to them.

The other type of gift is not the real thing at all because we only give because we think we must. It seems our duty. This kind of giving can be rightfully called, "duty giving". The reason that this kind of gift is almost always a failure is because none of our real self goes into the gift. Why not strike this kind of gift off of our lists; put all of ourselves, our real love, into the gifts for the rest. I feel, as do many others, that our Christmas would be much more successful, and a great deal more pleasant, if we would only follow this plan.

Mary Coakley

Our Christmas

CHRISTMAS! the mere mentioning of the word immediately produces pleasant memories and eager anticipations. The spirit of Christmas is a thing hardly describable although everyone realizes its existence, since we know that on Christmas day the air seems to them purer, the sky more beautiful, and the vividness and wonder of God's trees and snow impresses them in a much deeper sense on that day. It seems that the spirit of Him whose birth we celebrate on that day, penetrates every human heart. The selfish suddenly become unselfish; the quarrelsome become peaceful; the unkind become merciful; the grumblers lay aside their troubles and make merry; complaining, disobedient children become obliging and helpful; the business man and everyone who, in the course of the year, has become bored by his daily routine, changes in spirit during the Christmas period, and emerges ready to begin his next year's work, with new enthusiasm and interest.

W. J. Gorman

The Spirit of Christmas

PEOPLE are generally happiest at Christmas time. This happiness is entitled Christmas spirit. A man once remarked that people who are the busiest are the happiest. Perhaps this is the reason for an abundance of happiness early in the month of December, for isn't it true that the Christmas season is a busy one? Many people are joyous because they know that through their generosity and thoughtfulness, others will be made happy. Then, there are some who rejoice in the story of the Nativity. Certainly, one would consider these last two reasons sufficient explanations of Christmas spirit.

This enthusiasm has survived the ages and we of the twentieth century have our share, but I wonder if it is the genuine spirit of yore? Many have either forgotten or refuse to consider the meaning of Christmas and the reason for its celebration. I do wish these who are so thoughtless could enter any church at Christmas time, when it is beautified by dark green fir trees and glorified by soft candle light. I wish these could listen to the Christmas story of the birth of our Saviour; could hear the chimes and organ as the organist plays softly, "Silent Night, Holy Night," or the choir singing "Joy to the World." That is Christmas spirit in the noblest sense.

But some one may ask, "Are we not brimming with feeling, when we save money through the year in order that we can purchase numerous and costly gifts for others?" This question comes from the lips of one who considers only the fact that it is a custom in America to give gifts to one's friends on Christmas day. Possibly this person's friend gave him a costly present last year, therefore this year he must save more money in order to repay him with a present of equal value. This is not Christmas spirit, it is merely a mockery. The ancient custom of giving should not be abolished; instead, we should give and receive, and should obtain our happiness from the thought with the gift and not from the value of it in terms of money.

Are we deceiving children when we teach them to believe in Santa Claus? This is another question that often arises. We are living in an age of realism; an age which demands facts. If we consider the question from an affirmative or negative standpoint, we are deceitful. But the happiness which every child derives from his belief in Santa is reason enough to cause us to forget facts and answer—No. Children like fairy tales. Most little tots know that the incidents which occur in fairy tales can never happen, but they live in a world of imagination and like to believe them possible. Therefore, existing in this same imaginative world, their lives are made glad by the thought that Santa is coming. In time, every child reasons within himself, that there is no Santa, just as he lays aside his fairy tales for realities. He has not been injured by his imaginative world, but he has learned the power of reason.

There is a story told about Santa Claus, which I think is one of the most beautiful ever written—Norss, a man from the far north, guided by a spirit sailed to distant shores in search of a wife. He sailed for months; during the night a star guided his boat while Norss saw the vision reappear in his dreams. Always the spirit held before his eyes the similitude of a cross. At last he arrived in a strange land and there awaiting him was the lady of his dream. She wore a tiny wooden cross

on a golden chain around her neck, exactly like the one Norss had seen in his dream. Norss took the lady back to the north country with him to be his wife. When a son was born to them, they called him Claus. Claus grew to be a very lovable child; he liked especially to make toys for other children. One day when Claus came home, his father and mother were nowhere to be found. In the center of the room lay the symbol of the cross, shining in the moon light. It was an inspiration to Claus, from that time on, he became immortal. Claus carried gifts to children in all parts of the world, and this Santa Claus or Saint Claus, born of Faith and Love will live forever in the hearts of children. Santa Claus is an incentive for Christmas enthusiasm.

What should make us happy at Christmas time, then? The sacred Christmas story, Christmas anthems and carols, sincere giving and the radiant faces of children. These are the characteristics of genuine Christmas spirit.

Elizabeth Bradley

Why Do We Kiss Under the Mistletoe?

IN olden days romantic Scandinavians, in paying tribute to "Thor", built large fires called "Yule" fires, from which comes our word "Yuletide". This great god was supposed to be better pleased if the fire extended high above the surrounding forests. The people discovered that the trees upon which mistletoe clung would give the brightest fires. They believed this was a way in which Thor told them of the best trees to burn.

In reality, the mistletoe had sapped away the vitality making them drier and more readily burned than if they had been full of sap. So when anyone met under the mistletoe in the woods, no matter how great enemies they were, they dropped their weapons and greeted each other kindly; nor would they fight again until sunrise on the following day. This was their tribute in honor of Thor.

In time people brought mistletoe into their homes and hung it over the doorways, and if any enemies came they could not enter the house without making friends with the people for the time being. From this came the habit of greeting people who stepped under the mistletoe with an embrace or a kiss; and at indoor feasts it was used as a greeting between kinsmen.

So in these days the couple kissing beneath the Christmas mistletoe in the spirit of fun or romance carry on a custom established by the Scandinavians years ago.

Phil Ayer

Peace

IF there is one particular time of the year when our minds and hearts are turned toward Peace it certainly is Christmas.

The very atmosphere of Christmas is so suggestive of Peace. The bells, half solemnly, half merrily chime out a message through the frosty air. Don't they seem almost to say those words which, centuries ago, gladdened the hearts of the shepherds, as they wandered over the hillside—"Peace on earth, good will toward men"?

The Spirit of Christmas

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Picture a scene on Christmas Eve. All the homes made beautiful with wreaths and holly and candles in the windows, shedding a little radiance on the sparkling snow—No noise but the clear, distant notes of a group of carolers as they go about singing peace into the hearts of those who hear them. Can this do other than instill in our hearts, a feeling of tranquillity, of good will toward men?

And yet what peace is there? Individuals struggling with the law, and nations at swords' points!

Certainly we hope that this Christmas may bring peace to every fireside, to every state, and that some Christmas, not so far distant, may bring us that precious gift, which as yet appears only on the dim horizon—World Peace!

Lois Young '25

The Eclipse of the Sun

Just now the interest of the scientific world is centered about the total eclipse of the sun which occurs January 24th. It is over one hundred years since a total eclipse was visible from New England and it will be about two hundred years before another one takes place. The eclipse begins at Northern Minnesota, and describes a path across the northern states, taking in a few of the eastern states and ending in the Atlantic ocean. The eclipse will not be total in this immediate locality, but we will be able to see about ninety per cent of it. Thousands of astronomers and others interested in science will go down to Connecticut where the eclipse will be total.

The eclipse takes about fifteen minutes to cross the states and will be visible for about two minutes, so boys and girls have a badly developed camera film ready and take a good long look.

Mary Hamilton

Our Christmas Carols

"Their Origin and History"

CHRISTMAS is here. To most of us that means trees, stockings and hurried trips to the stores of the city. It may mean lying awake for nights before, wondering whether little Johnnie really prefers the rocking horse you have selected, or whether he would rather have the toy-engine and train of cars, that actually goes around the track. Sometimes, you wonder whether Cousin Elizabeth has been provided for by any member of the family.

By Christmas morning such worries are over. From your room, you can hear the youngsters gloating over their presents. The tree has been set up in the living-room, and the Christmas decorations glisten and shine in the morning sun which creeps in through the windows. Then, having succeeded in banishing all thoughts of the havoc that has been wrought about the house, during the past few weeks, you are ready to enjoy the day. A feeling comes that you should go to church and to church you accordingly go. There you hear Handel's "Messiah" or some other Christmas music, and as you idle back in your seat, at peace with the world, you may casually wonder how the Christmas carol had its origin.

The fact is, that the Christmas carol was originally not a song, but a dance. Such is the change that the years effect in our merry-making. And how interesting is this fact. The real meaning of the old French carols, was a performance, in which the dancers joined hands in a circle. At first, a carol indicated motions of the feet and body; then music began to be employed for the dance, and for a time, it sometimes meant dancing, and sometimes, singing. But today, the Christmas carol means singing alone, with or without instrumental music; for the singers to kick up their heels while rendering it, would be a most unaccountable performance! Many of the Christmas carols trace their descent from the mystery plays of the 12th and 13th centuries. In those days, the Church entertained the people with plays, based on legendary happenings in the life of the Saviour. One of the most favorite of these, was one of the Christmas plays of Coventry, representing the stable of Bethlehem.

Long before the days of the good King Wencelaus, came Charlemagne, the "Emperor of the West", who was musical enough to take his place in the choir. His enthusiasm in music led him to endow special classes for its study at the university of Paris. It was he, who first sang the Portugese hymn. It was set to an ancient melody originally a Roman Catholic's hymn, but is now used to a considerable extent by all denominations. The English title to this hymn is, "Come all Ye Faithful". So remote is its origin that it is regarded as the first ecclesiastical carol.

There are many tales and romances underlying Christmas carols. The ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough", an English carol, hides a tragedy well known. The actual chest which contained the skeleton of the young bride mentioned in the song was, after its discovery, claimed as the property of various families, both here and abroad.

Nettie Poch

Christmas In The Highlands—A Song

It is Christmas in the Highlands,
In my bonny hills so fair,
It is Christmas in the Highlands
And my heart is over there.
Ay, but I am far from Scotland
And my heart is well nigh breaking;
Oh its Christmas in the Highlands
And I wish that I were home.
The lads and pretty lassies
What gay times now they'll be making!
But I left my bonny Scotland
And at Christmas I'm alone.
Oh its Christmas in the Highlands,
In my bonny hills so fair,
It is Christmas in the Highlands
And my heart is over there.

Elaine Carruthers

The Christmas Elf

One night when late I went to bed,
 And pillowed soft, my sleepy head,
 I told the moon, "This Christmas time
 All joy this year will be just mine.
 The bags for poor I filled before
 I need not work on any more
 If I just once don't care to give
 The gifts I should, the poor can live.
 And Christmas Eve I will not roam
 To sing in streets, but stay at home
 Where all is comfy, warm and bright,
 And everyone gives me delight.
 This Christmas is just for myself."
 At this moment a little elf
 Came thru my window, clothed in fur,
 I was so scared I could not stir.
 He sat down on some of my hair,
 But tho he pulled, I did not dare
 Ask him to move, because the mite
 Had in his face a wondrous light.
 I was afraid to ask his name,
 Or who he was, and whence he came.
 I trembled there in my warm bed,—
 When at last he turned to me, and said,
 "I'm from the North, all know my boss,
 I work for kindly Santa Claus,
 I come before him; every night
 I work to make men think what's right.
 Now do you think it fine or fair
 To make your joy your only care?
 You owe to others Christmas cheer
 Because you've had such joy all year."
 I thought of home with folks around
 Where comfort, love and peace abound,
 Then of my school, what should I do,
 If my friends weren't so fine and true?
 I received gifts, too, every day,
 Priceless ones, there is no way
 To buy a smile, a friendly look,—
 What pleasure from a touch I took.
 Such gifts had been given to me
 To be kept in my memory.
 "Still I wish this Christmas to be,
 The happiest one I ever did see.
 Now if I remember, the more that I do
 For others, the happier I am, too."
 The pleased elf stepped from off my hair,
 And vanished in the clear night air.

Martha Burt '25

LITERATURE

Elizabeth Barrett

NOBODY at the little fur-trading post of X—ever knew just where she came from, or any reasons for a girl of her apparent wealth and culture choosing such an out-of-the-way place in which to live. 'Tis true, however, that not one of the five hundred and some odd settlers ever forgot the day of her arrival, because she first made her appearance on the same night that the memorable storm struck the little settlement, half-burying it under a blanket of snow.

On that particular evening the men folk were gathered at Jim Houston's store, to discuss various subjects including the weather, the probability of a good fur season, and the departure of John Crowley, one of their oldest members, for the states. They were busily engaged in conversation when the barking and snapping of dogs announced an unexpected arrival.

"It can't be Indian Pete", said old Jim, "he ain't due back until tomorrow, and I have my doubts if he'll get here then with this here storm".

"I'd like to know who's the fool to venture out in sich a night", added another.

The question was soon solved, by the newcomer or newcomers themselves. The door was kicked open letting in a gush of whirling snow and disclosing two figures, white from head to foot. Surprised indeed was the little group to learn, that it was truly Indian Pete, but the other person they could not recognize.

"What did you come home tonight fer Pete?" bellowed a voice.

Pete slowly shook his coat free of the snow, removed his gloves and cap, and then replied in a drawling voice: "Big storm coming, got fresh dogs and started home. Trails all blocked tomorrow. Brought passenger," and with this he jerked his finger at the other stranger, who had been gazing around in a dazed sort of way. The latter was of medium height, and clothed in a long fur coat, which concealed half the face, while a tight-fitting fur cap completely covered the head, leaving only a pair of large staring eyes visible. Finally aware of the questioning gaze of the traders, the new-comer unbuttoned the fur coat, and pulled off the cap, disclosing a pale beautiful visage, surrounded by a mass of dark hair. There was a fearful, haunted look, clearly stamped on the attractive face.

Jim Houston gasped, "Good Lord, a girl, and out on a night like this".

The girl who couldn't possibly have been more than twenty-two or three, smiled faintly.

"How do you do"! she said, "I'm on my way North. I met your man down at the Forks, and persuaded him to bring me as far as this. Could you please tell me where I could find a night's lodging?"

Jim paid no attention to her last question, "On your way North? Good Heavens! Don't you know that this here post is the farthest north of any? You've reached the limit, girl. Where'd you think you're going?"

"I don't know", she replied, "I've traveled a long way and I didn't realize how far I had gone."

"Well", said Jim, "I'll call the wife and see if she can get you something to eat and fix you a place to sleep. Will you come out here?" indicating a sitting room that could be seen through an open door.

"Thank you, I shall".

When she had left the room, the conversation was renewed with greater interest than ever.

"Wonder where she came from", said one.

"What's she doing way up here. Pretty dangerous night for traveling," commented another.

"Where did you meet her, Pete?" from still a third. "At the Forks", was the answer. She give me much money for bringing her to post", and with this the half-breed pulled out several bills. "Must have money", was the verdict of those present.

This line of talk continued until Mrs. Houston, who had supplied the girl's wants, entered the room. "She's so close-mouthed", she said, "that she won't even tell me where she came from, or who she is, all she said was that her name was Elizabeth Barrett".

Everybody uttered the name and discussed the probabilities of the girl's identity. It was a late hour when the men finally dispersed, leaving the store with their curiosity most unsatisfied, with regard to the unusual traveler.

The following morning, upon learning that all the trails were truly closed, and that she had reached, a point fifty miles north of the last place where communication could be had with the outside world, Elizabeth Barrett, decided to stay at X—, and as a result of this decision, she rented Crowley's house and hired Jim Houston's daughter, Mary, for her housekeeper. Thus she took up her abode in her new home.

For weeks, she stayed practically alone, refusing to visit or see anyone, and never venturing farther than her own gate. At length, after two months of this suspicious secrecy, Elizabeth Barrett appeared once more at the store and asked Jim to try to purchase a dog-team for her. Within two weeks time Jim succeeded in buying an excellent outfit, dogs, sled and all, and the girl then employed Pete to show her how to manage and drive the "huskies". It was not long before it became a common sight to see the young girl starting out on a short journey across the frozen northland, or returning at dusk, tired, but with a more peaceful countenance.

As she became more accustomed to her surroundings and her neighbors, she lost some of her aloofness, and gradually came to smile upon the settlers and even to speak to them. The final barrier was broken when she took two of the children for a ride, and brought them back radiantly happy, and with a marvelous story about the lovely lady.

After the last incident, her intimacy with the people of the little settlement grew rapidly, and she was soon on friendly terms with everyone. She learned their troubles, comforted them, and helped them considerably with her little acts of kindness and love. In fact after seven months of her presence there was not a house in X—where she was not welcomed and loved. Although all facts about her identity

still remained a mystery, the people seemed to forget the unusual circumstances connected with her coming and only remembered that she was their truest friend.

With the approach of the Christmas holiday, Elizabeth Barrett planned a big surprise for the children. Few festivities had ever been held in X— and the young-ones were looking forward, with great eagerness toward the novel event. And what preparations the young girl made for that day! The largest room of her house was cleared of all its furniture, and a huge tree, placed in the middle of the floor. She had Jim send away for several boxes of prettily-colored ornaments with which she trimmed the tree. Her wealth certainly seemed to be inexhaustible. She planned some little gift for every child, and made dainty cakes and delightful candies, a rare thing at X—.

What rejoicing and happiness there was at the post on Christmas Day. Elizabeth Barrett's house, decorated with all sorts of ferns, pines, and wreaths was ablaze with many candles. It was crowded not only with children but with their parents also. What feasting and merry-making.

The party was at the height of its enjoyment when the door burst open, and a stranger entered the room. Elizabeth Barrett turned around, expecting to see one of her neighbors. When her eyes fell upon the stranger, her face paled, and the old haunted fearful look passed over her countenance.

"Fred", she cried.

A deathly silence fell over the little company. Bitter memories swept through the minds of the people, memories of a night long ago, when a girl suddenly appeared from nowhere and began a mysterious life in X—.

The man was speaking, "I've searched for you for a long time, Virginia, and I've found you at last."

"To take me back through the same old torture?"

"No, to ask your forgiveness for the unimaginable crime I committed in letting you suffer the guilt of that horrible act. Shortly after you ran away, my brother Frank, confessed to the murder, how he did it I never can conceive, and all matters were cleared up. For months I've looked for you to tell you of your proven innocence, and my conscience would give me no rest until I had found you. Will you come back?"

—The girl smiled happily—"No, Fred, I can't go back, at least not now. I've suffered a lot during the last year, but in a way I'm glad it all happened because you see it led me to this haven, where I have found contentment such as I never knew before. Somehow I feel that I belong up here and here I shall stay. The people of this settlement welcomed me, when I was a fugitive and I cannot leave them now. I'd be terribly grateful, Fred, if you would take care of my estate, and settle all financial arrangements. Perhaps some day I shall return to the States for after all that is my true home, but I am going to continue living here for the present, and Fred, Virginia Dayton died twelve months ago, and Elizabeth Barrett took her place in the world.

Marjorie White '26

Patty's Christmas

PATTY all curled up in a large armchair before the fireplace was a perfect picture of, "The Poor Little Rich Girl". She had inherited her father's millions and was her own mistress but she was not happy. She was very lonely for she had no parents and her friends she suspected would soon desert her if she were penniless. She wondered how attentive the young men in her set would be if she were not an heiress. Patty was a tall slender girl with black hair and eyes, her cheeks were very pale, her features tho not irregular were not perfect. She was attractive looking rather than pretty. Men were attracted more by her money than her looks and personality. These were unusual thoughts for an heiress on Christmas Eve.

Patty, as she sat there, suddenly had an idea and to Patty to have an idea was to act. She would try one night in the poorer section and she would go alone. Jumping up and letting newspapers and books fall to the floor, she almost ran to her maid's room to borrow some clothes.

Hannah, her maid was out and she would never know the difference and if she did she wouldn't care. When she had changed her clothes she looked in the mirror and it was a changed Patty that was reflected there. A tall slim girl in a grey bolivia coat with a large, fluffy fur collar a grey felt hat, eyes shining with excitement and excitement had also lent a tinge of color to her cheeks. Gone was the languid, bored Patty in the big seal coat and in her place was an eager, excited little girl. Tonight she did feel like a little girl.

Patty walked down to the other section of the city because she wanted to enjoy every minute of her freedom. The long walk made her hungry so she stopped into a restaurant where they advertised, "Special Meals Tonight—seventy-five cents". The place was crowded and Patty had to wait her turn but finally she found a place at a small table. There was only one other seated there, Patty looked at her curiously. She was a small, slight creature, with blonde hair and big appealing blue eyes. She was dressed in a shabby but neat plush coat and a small black felt hat. Her hands trembled nervously and she looked very timid and shy. Patty's heart went out to her immediately.

"It's a nice evening isn't it," said Patty, pleasantly and soon after the two girls were talking as friendly as tho they were old acquaintances. "I am very lonely tonight," said Patty "and I wonder if you would come with me to the show?" "I would love to," responded the other girl, "but I haven't any money," and her lips quivered.

"Well that is no reason for not going," laughed Patty, "I have plenty for both of us, and in a few minutes the two girls were entering a cheap vaudeville show.

Two hours later when they came out, Patty asked her friend her address and found that Alice had no place to go that night. Generous Patty invited her to come home with her

As yet Alice had not discovered that her friend was wealthy but she thought of her as a girl who had a good position but a stranger like herself in the city. Even when they came to the mansion Alice thought her friend must be a maid there. But there are no words to describe her surprise when Patty told her this was her home and she was mistress there.

Tired as both girls were neither would go to bed before Alice had tried on all of Patty's clothes. Patty enjoyed herself as much as Alice. Alice's prayer to God that night thanked him for giving her so generous a friend, but Patty's prayer was a thanks to God, for giving her the greatest of all Christmas Gifts, someone to love. The next day they both got up early and together they took baskets of food to the poor. Tired and happy they returned to their own Christmas dinner. They laughed and talked, and made merry, the gloomy old house just rang with girlish laughter, and the servants, who loved their mistress were happy because she was happy. After their dinner they went to the library and talked over plans for the future.

"I am going to get you a position and myself one in the same office. We will both take a business course together, first, and then we will be great friends and more than friends. You are my little sister sent to me from God as the greatest gift He could give me."

B. Bassell

A Home for Lolo

IN Mrs. Jones' rooming-house matters went on as clockwork. All was peace and comfort, from the attic room reserved for the family to the backyard kennel where Bruno, the dog, made his headquarters.

This until the day when the dozen or so quiet law-abiding tenants were drawn to-gether into a criminal bond, defying the law and hiding their deeds under cover of silence and darkness.

It started just after supper one night when a terrible blizzard kept everyone from going out. The back door bell rang sharply. Jimmy Jones opened the door, letting in a swirl of fine snow and cold air. But no person was there. Nothing but a bulky bundle which was leaning against the door in such a manner that it came rolling in.

"Here's Mrs. La Salle's laundry," Jimmy called. "What'll I do with it?"

"Put it on the stairs," Mrs. Jones responded him.

"I'll get it, how much is it?" Mrs. La Salle came bustling down the stairs. "Why that's not my laundry."

Just then from the very heart of the bundle came a loud wail, and from the two women and Jimmy shrieks that brought every other member of the household quickly to-gether at the back door.

"It's alive," shrilled Mrs. La Salle and Mrs. Jones in a chorus.

They all stood about eyeing the bundle in astonishment. There was Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, who had hurriedly left a most tasty boiled dinner; Young Mr. and Mrs. Colburn just come home from their work; Mr. and Mrs. Morey, the former, as usual, eating an apple and the latter with a pencil in her hair; Violet La Salle, with a book under her arm, rushing from her room to see what it was all about; and Mr. Jones himself blinking away the rest of sleep from his eyes, for he was a night-worker and had just finished his daytime rest. No one touched the bundle.

Then down the back stairs came the heavy clump-clump of Mr. La Salle descending.

"What's all the racket?" he asked. Then he quickly replied "Why, folks, there's a young one done up in that. Get it out, quick. You don't want it to smother, do you?" As he spoke, he picked up the bundle and most carefully unrolled the old bedquilt which formed the wrapping. To their astonishing eyes was disclosed a tiny girl, perhaps a year old. Her red-gold hair clung about her face in moist ringlets, her plump neck emerged from a faded blue cotton dress and her big brown eyes gazed about wonderingly. As they watched, the tiny face broke into delightful baby smiles which captured the group of spectators. Eyeing from one to another, she introduced herself.

"'Lo! 'Lo!" she said.

"The darling!" chorused all the women, each one trying to take her from the arms that held her.

"She's saying hello," Jimmy shouted.

"Smart little shaver," chorused the men.

"They must have thought this was the Children's Home that's just across the street," announced Mr. Jones.

"Her folks have been terrible hard up," put in Mrs. La Salle. "See what thin clothes she has on. Now I wonder if that sweater I'm knitting for my grandson wouldn't just fit her?"

"I've yards of new outing flannel," Mrs. Jones said, "and it wouldn't take any time to make her up some nice warm underwear."

"Dresses," Mrs. Morey squealed. "I'll make her some cunning little ones."

"Hold on," Mr. La Salle put in. "If the child is supposed to be in the Children's Home we'll have to notify the authorities. We're defying the law if we don't."

But no one seemed to care to be the one to make this move. Five minutes passed, ten and a half hours. The baby was fed on milk, was wrapped in Mrs. Jones' warm King Tut bathrobe, was cuddled by every member of the party. And every moment that passed made it harder to think of turning away the dainty little mite.

Finally, there in the quietness of the Jones' kitchen, the criminal compact was made. The child was to remain, the ward of the whole household. The utmost care would be required to keep this law-defying act from being known outside. If Mrs. Jones had callers the child was to belong to one of the others. They agreed to call her "Lolo" as a reminder of the syllables she mumbled on her first acquaintance.

So several days went on, "Lolo," becoming more and more the sunshine of the big household.

Then one morning a man appeared. He was looking for a room, he explained and stepped quickly inside, in the midst of Mrs. Jones' explanation that rooms for a single man could be obtained next door.

"Ah!" he said after thanking her, "I see you have a child in the house. How old is it?"

"It—it belongs to the lady upstairs," Mrs. Jones replied.

"I'm very fond of children," he explained, "and should like very much to see this one."

Suspicion growing rapidly, Mrs. Jones turned on the current and started the vacuum cleaner which she had been using when he came. Pushing directly in front of him, she forced him back toward the door.

Up stairs Mrs. McArthur seeing danger, grabbed the baby from the rear, "It's time for its nap," she called down to Mrs. Jones.

That night there was another conference in Jones' kitchen. The very air seemed charged with suspicion. The strange man had obtained a room next door, and from his window, all that afternoon, he had been watching the Jones' house. Undoubtedly he was some relative of the child. At any time he was likely to force his way into the house and no mere vacuum cleaner would prevent his whisking away the little child. And the law! How could it protect the child while they were hiding their act in it.

Slowly the conviction grew that for the safety of their charge they must explain matters to the police. Mr. Jones called up the chief of police and told the story.

"They'll be there in ten minutes," he announced.

It was an anxious ten minutes, with little "Lolo" passed from one to another.

The doorbell! Jimmy's feet fairly dragged as he went to answer it. No blue-coated officers followed him back, but the stranger of the morning with the light of victory shining in his face.

The doorbell again! Two burly officers, rather puzzled as to what they had come for.

Strangely, the man of the morning took charge of affairs and told a story that made those present stare in astonishment. Then Mr. Jones presented their side of the case. And the officers, beaming with satisfaction, started back for headquarters, seeing that they were not needed there.

The stranger, a detective, had made it clear that the tiny "Lolo" was a child of the Kennedys' of Chicago. She had been kidnapped and held for ransom, but by the most careful trailing, he had followed her here. Her abductors finding him so close on the scent, had taken this way of getting rid of her. The mother would feel everlasting gratitude to those who had so lovingly cared for her. The millionaire father, as soon as the child was placed safely in his arms, would willingly send a check for the full amount of the immense reward offered to the first person who notified the police of his child.

"To whom shall we make out the check?" he inquired as, after broadcasting the joyful news over the telephone, he prepared to depart, with the nurse he had summoned to care for the little one on the quick trip home.

"Make it out to me," Mr. Jones told him, "and I'll see that it is divided equally among these people." Mrs. Jones wiped the tears from her eyes as she tucked the warm coat she had made tightly around little "Lolo".

"But, however big the check is," she sniffed, "It would not make up for what her being here would mean to us."

And every member of the Jones' rooming house, nodded sorrowfully.

Janet Bilensky '26

Christmas Dinner at Bachelors Hall

IT was not at all a typical Christmas Day, for perfect torrents of rain beat and dashed against the windows of Bachelors Hall, as if trying their best to drown the sounds of woe which came from within.

"I call it a shame", said Tommy, as he swung his feet frantically over the arm of the chair on which he sat, to promise us a dandy Christmas dinner and then send it to us in such a state."

"He might at least have killed it" said Mac, "but then I suppose he didn't think of that," while Dick said, "Glory be! think of the feathers!" The three groaned together as they regarded a wet, muddy box from whose slatted top stuck the defiant head of a turkey gobbler.

Mac, who was kneeling beside a smaller box, slowly took off the cover and began to unpack celery and cranberries all raw. "Think you could make sauce of them Tommy? Mince meat done up in a can instead of a pie crust as it should be. Turnips, carrots, cabbage, onions, what a country box and we can't cook a blessed thing in it. "I say, boys, let's go out and buy our dinner?"

"Go on, groaned Tommy, you're rich, you are, I have just fifty cents to my name and Dick has been out of cash for a week."

"Well," said Mac, "I bought just as many presents as the rest of you. I've only got two dollars. There's the rent, you know," pointing to a tin can on the mantel shelf but the others shook their heads at that. And even the turkey gave a protesting gobble.

At that sound Tommy gazed at the bird steadily and then of a sudden he jumped from his chair and going across the room slapped his two chums on the back and cried joyously, "Boys, I've got a scheme".

"Well, said Mac gloomily, what is it?"

"You know those girls down stairs?"

"No, wish we did," said Dick, as he thought of the three pretty maids that they so often passed on the stairs.

"Well," said Tommy, "I heard them talking today through the air shaft and they were going out for dinner but it is pouring so they are afraid that they will spoil their clothes. They seemed awfully blue about it didn't have much Christmas stuff in the house. My idea is this: "We have the dinner and no cook, they the cook and no dinner"—

"But," protested Dick, "we don't know them, we can't walk boldly down and say, 'maidens cook our dinner.'"

"Give me time and let me explain. Don't I usually get what I want," said Tommy.

"I must say you do," said Dick.

"Well, then do as I tell you and all will be well. Mac, you listen through the air shaft until you hear them all in the kitchen and Dick, you get the turkey out." Thus with great fun the scheme began to work.

Meanwhile in the flat below, gloom hung heavy. "Isn't it just horrid," cried Nan, as she watched the downpour of rain. Who ever heard of rain on Christmas? Mary, do stop drumming on that piano!" "I won't, said Mary, I'll go right on!

Do you realize that there is nothing but three hard muffins and three sausages in this house?"

"Maybe we had better go out after all," said Dora, "you know we can't live on candy all day long," as she looked at the boxes of candy lying around.

But Nan was perfectly disgusted with the idea. "Don't be a little silly, we should ruin our clothes, and besides you and Mary have terrible colds."

Just then a very hard knock sounded on the door. Nan went to the door while the other two ran to tidy up a bit.

"I beg your pardon," the other girls heard a deep voice say, "could I go through your rooms, you see our Christmas dinner has escaped down the fire place".

"Yes, certainly", said Nan.

"You see," said Tommy, "it got away from us and flew right down by your windows."

"Come right in, it may be you had better hurry. Will it fly any farther do you think?" Nan had never heard of a Christmas dinner flying before. She brought him into the other room where Mary and Dora were busily reading and introduced them. Then all three girls trooped after him to the kitchen. "Oh," cried Dora and the rest saw a big live turkey gobbler huddled against the window.

"There," said Tommy, as he pushed up the window with an awful clatter, I'm sure to get him now". It seemed to Nan that she saw a string being quickly jerked into the air.

"Thank you, funny isn't it. You see Mac's uncle sent us a Christmas dinner but it isn't cooked and we don't know what to do with it. We are absolutely helpless".

Nan spoke up and said, "If you would bring the things down here, we would only be too glad to help you."

"But you must have your own things to get", exclaimed Tommy.

"No," said Mary, we were going out but it is too wet."

"Then, I'll tell you what, we'll let you cook it if you will promise to help eat it."

This appeared to be very satisfactory and the dinner, although rather late, was a great success. When it was all over, young Bachelor folks sat down to enjoy a happy Christmas evening and parted at the end, good friends.

After the boys reached up stairs and closed the door of their apartment, Mac and Dick said, "Shake old man, shake—I'll say you are a genius, altho it was kind of mean to fool them so. What a time we had lowering that turkey, but then it is easy to fool a girl."

While down below Nan said: "Girls, that turkey's wings were clipped and his feet were tied." "I know, said Mary, I saw them pull up the string."

The three giggled and then silence reigned on the end of a happy day.

Florence Preston

Lights That Guide

AS Gertrude Cummings sat in the station at Forestville, she watched the throngs of people, laden with bundles, talking and laughing happily. Gertrude, too, was happy for she was going to Grandmother Saunders to spend the Christmas vacation. What a relief it was to think that for a whole week she would have no lessons to prepare, no papers to correct, or questions to answer! Gertrude was a teacher and knew what it meant to teach a room of mischievous children.

She was awakened by the traincaller's voice announcing the arrival of the train, which she was to take. Quickly, she gathered together her bags and preparing for a hasty departure, lifted her feet from the floor. Her glance was caught by a flutter of white and when she looked down she found her feet firmly placed on a newspaper. When she raised her head, she met the eyes of the handsome young man who was sitting beside her and who, too, must have been aroused by the traincaller's voice and, in his haste had dropped a part of his paper. They both chuckled, for in the hurry of the moment and the surprise of the incident neither could find suitable words.

Gertrude passed on and began to push her way through the crowd toward the train which was to carry her to Kent, where her only relatives, her grandparents lived.

The frosty, cold wind blew against Gertrude's cheeks as she eagerly climbed beside her grandfather in the sleigh, at the Kent station and tucked the warm fur robes around her.

Soon they were flying across the fluffy white snow toward the Saunderson's home. The bells tinkled merrily and filled the air with gay music. Grandfather Saunders answered Gertrude's questions about the townspeople and listened to her amusing stories about school life. As they rounded a bend, a bright light from the kitchen of the Saunders' homestead gleamed, and seemed to be a guiding light to show them their way, just as the "star of the east" guided the shepherds to the manger, where the Christ Child lay. They turned up the drive and were greeted by Grandmother Saunders, who lovingly embraced her granddaughter.

"Here she is," commented Grandpa, as he removed his gloves and held his hands over the warm stove. "Funny some nice young man hasn't taken her from us. Eh, Gertrude?"

"Oh don't worry Grandpa," laughed Gertrude, lovingly pinching him on the chin. "You'll always have me."

"I don't know about that," replied Grandpa as he went out.

Supper was soon spread upon the table, and what a tempting meal it was, with potatoes fried crisp in butter, beans creamed with sweet whole milk, cold sliced veal and for dessert a dish of delicious canned raspberries. As they ate, they discussed the affairs of the village and school life.

Gertrude spent Sunday and Monday in decorating the little farmhouse, with evergreens and bright red berries. She found a suitable balsam tree in the woods and set it up in the parlor, which was kept closed until Christmas afternoon.

Christmas Eve was the night of the grand dance at the Atwaters. The Atwaters were the richest people in Kent and because of their position felt it their duty to give a dance Christmas Eve. Both young and old were invited.

About five o'clock, Grandmother and Grandfather Saunders and Gertrude piled into the sleigh and started down the smooth country road. The Atwater's house was lighted up brightly and evergreens and boughs decked the walls. They entered the building and were met by Tom Atwater, who was the youngest, and the most spoiled, yet jolliest of the Atwaters. With him was another young man, who at first was a stranger to Gertrude but whom she soon recognized to be the very person upon whose paper she had stepped in the Forestville station. Tom introduced him as a college chum, Richard Stevens. Gertrude although surprised, regained her pose in time to extend her hand, smile sweetly, but knowingly and murmur how-do-you-do.

The evening entertainments included games, for the children, dancing for the younger set, and a room was opened for the old folks to talk and smoke.

In the course of the evening, Gertrude and Richard Stevens became quite friendly. In a corner of the great hall, they carried on a quiet conversation about the weather, the celebration of Christmas, and of course the queer little incident, which took place in the Forestville station. In fact, both of them were wholly taken up with each other, and were it not for the interference of Tom, they would have had most of the dances together.

After the serving of refreshments, and a few more dances, the guests departed.

Christmas day dawned bright and clear. Gertrude spent the morning enjoying out-of-door sports. At noon the Christmas dinner was served, and what a tempting feast it was. In the afternoon, the Saunders household gathered in the parlor to open their gifts, crack nuts and eat candy.

When the shadows of evening fell across the sky, the three gathered before the blazing fireplace, after a lighted candle had been placed in the window, for Grandmother Saunders kept many of the old customs. This light guided Richard Stevens to his destination.

Elizabeth Shulze

A Christmas Night

Bright stars are twinkling up so high,
Diamonds, thru a misty sky.
And feathery flakes fall from above,
Bringing to Earth their message of Love.

The snow lies gleaming on the ground,
Reflecting the Christmas Joy around.
While merry bells chime everywhere,
Silvery tones thru frosty air.

Wreathed windows cast their light,
On the snow; while the night
Quiets down to calm and still.
Peace reigns on Earth, to all Good-Will.

Aileen Coyne '25

Her Christmas Gift

THE man, hustled and pushed along by the merry, laughing, Christmas crowd, paused. It was Ruertcelli, the world renown singer and teacher. What was that he heard above the noise of the crowd and the sleighbells? Ah! there it was again. Someone was singing. A clear, sweet voice, compelling, yet tender, drawing the crowd:—

"Holy night, Silent night,
All is still, all is quiet"

The singer stopped, the crowd threw her a few cents and moved on. Then he saw her. She was standing under the street light which made her face look tired and white. She was small and she wasn't pretty. Her short hair, curling about her face, was covered by an old red tam. She might have been sixteen or maybe twenty. She was one of those people whose age cannot be determined by merely looking at her.

Again the singer stopped and the crowd pushed on. Ruertcelli stopped her as she made to move on, too.

"Your name, child?" he asked abruptly.

"Why—why it's Damaris Zalenska."

"And do you like to sing?" he continued.

"Like it? I love it. Someday I'm going to be a great singer. People will hear me sing all over the world. I shall be known as, 'The Zalenska.' I—I shall—," she paused, waiting to hear him laugh, but he did not laugh. He stood there regarding her with thoughtful eyes.

They made a strange picture standing there under the ghastly light of the street lamp. He, tall, well-built and well-dressed. She, small, pathetic and dressed in neat but shabby clothes. Finally he broke the silence.

"Do you know who I am?"

She regarded him with eyes alight with curiosity.

"Ah!" she gave a short, sharp cry of surprise, "You are 'The Ruertcelli.'"

She made as if to go but again he detained her.

"Tell me, Damaris," he said, "would you like to study music?"

She laughed, then, "Do you mean it?" Almost breathlessly, she asked the question.

"Yes," he said, "I mean it."

Thus it came about, on that Christmas Eve, that Damaris Zalenska went to study music under Ruertcelli. Gradually, he learned the story of her life. Her father and mother were dead and she was living with her aunt. She was a Russian. Her mother had had a glorious voice, but because they were poor, nothing had been done to cultivate it. Damaris had determined that she should be a great singer. She had sung for small sums at receptions and even sometimes at children's concerts. Christmas Eve she had sung, not for the money, which she had given away to a poor old blind friend of hers, but just for the joy of singing. "And," she confided to Ruertcelli, "I'll never regret it. Just look at the precious Christmas gift I gained from that impulse."

Under Ruertcelli, who had realized that here was a voice destined to make it's owner great, Damaris had progressed. Deep in this beloved study, time passed swiftly. Her voice swelled, became richer and more appealing. Ruertcelli was delighted with his find.

* * * *

Three years later, on Christmas Eve, a capacity house was sold at the Metropolitan. "The Zalenska" was going to sing to them again. She had made a debut a year ago in New York and then had gone to Russia to sing to her own people. She had sung all over Europe and Ruertcelli reading about her singing in French or Italian papers often thought of that night when she had said, "People shall hear me sing all over the world. I shall be known as, 'The Zalenska.'" Indeed that was now true, she was a great singer and thru him. Ruertcelli was indeed proud of "The Zalenska" known to him as just Damaris. And now she was here in New York to sing!

The music began, a great hush descended upon the audience, the curtains parted and she stood before them. She was dressed in white. She looked small and childish but with still that power to attract. She began to sing, not a classic but:—

"Holy night, silent night,
All is still, all is bright"

Thus the voice of the age was introduced to this generation.

Alice Columbia

A Difference in Opinion

ADOLPHUS King and his sister Miriam lived harmoniously in a large house in New York. Yes, they lived harmoniously because Adolphus always gave in to his sister. But one night, a week before Christmas, he showed her that he had a mind of his own. They were arguing as to what they should have for their Christmas dinner. Miriam wanted a roast pig and Adolphus wanted a turkey. Both refused to change their minds so Adolphus decided to go and live at his Club.

He depended on Miriam a great deal and as he was packing his clothes, he opened his mouth to holler for Miriam to find important articles such as cuff links and neckties. However, he remembered in time. As he walked through the hall he could see Miriam from the corner of his eye. She was apparently reading; but her mind was not on the book. She was wondering if Adolphus had remembered to put on his rubbers and muffler. It would be just like him to forget.

Adolphus had one bad fault. He was very forgetful. He stopped out on the porch to light a cigar and walked on without his suitcase. He went to the newspaper stand and bought a paper. He finally returned home completely forgetting roast pigs and turkeys. He entered the living-room where Miriam was knitting and began to read, forgetting to take off his coat, hat or rubbers, a habit which caused Miriam much annoyance. Suddenly he looked up from the paper and said "I forgot to tell you that I've got to go to Washington on business, Christmas day. You might as well come along and keep tabs on me and we'll have dinner at a hotel." He resumed his reading. Miriam's anger faded into tender thoughts. After all, men were so helpless and she didn't know but what she'd like a turkey for Christmas, too.

Elaine Whitney

The Waif's Temptation

THE wind was cutting and its shrill whistle was heard in the cold streets of a large city. It was Christmas Eve and people, in spite of the biting weather, were hurrying in and out of the stores. The rosy cheeks, bright, sparkling eyes and laughing lips were signs that they were happy and that they would enjoy the following morn. Some of them drew their wraps closer and shivered beneath the cold. Even the newsboys were out, yelling above the noise of the wind. They moved around so that they would be a little warmer than if they were standing still.

Then it started to snow, slowly and sparingly at first but increasing in abundance and ferocity in the course of about ten minutes.

The dim light of a street lamp reflected itself at the corner of a narrow, unsanitary appearing street. The place was filled with moving people. But on the corner stood a waif—victim to poverty—subject to the cold. A thin, blue coat of cheap material fitted around the girl and a scarf of various colors was bound around her neck. The child wore nothing on her head and her yellow curls were wet and snarled by the snow and wind. Her deep sapphire blue eyes seemed to tell a story of agony and suffering. The cheap, black stockings, if they could be called such, were torn and worn in several places. Her shoes—she would have been as well off without them. The girl was nearly frozen. She did not move nor cry out the name of her paper but extended her hand containing the news, as if mechanically, to every person that passed, but none noticed Mildred Fields.

Then a great desire to sleep began to overcome her. At just this moment her senses became alert. A woman, apparently well-to-do, for her clothes were well fitted and costly—was passing the girl. Mildred wondered why an apparently wealthy woman was walking in that part of the city. The eyes of the girl grew soft and wistful as she thought of how happy she would be to have a mother and daddy and a cozy fireplace at Xmas time. Her listless eyes wandered till they reached the sight of a large pocketbook hanging at the woman's side. Again Mildred wondered why the woman let her pocketbook dangle in such a careless way. She finally came to the conclusion that the woman wasn't a frequent visitor to this section because she didn't seem to be suspicious of any possible pickpockets.

But the sight of the pocketbook gave the girl a temptation—a temptation to have some of the contents to obtain supper and lodging. The temptation was so great that the girl yielded. She left her post and followed the lady. She hadn't the least idea of how she would get the money and didn't even look around to see if anyone was watching.

She watched the woman closely and soon saw her take the pocketbook in her hand and take a handkerchief from it. She closed it and let it fall again but somehow the pocketbook snapped open. How careless of the woman, Mildred reflected.

Slowly she approached the lady. Now she was next to her. She reached into the purse and pulled out a small roll of bills. Then she walked on. She dared not look at the money for fear someone would see her. Yes, the thing was done—a simple thing—a crime committed by thousands—robbery! She, Mildred Fields

was a thief! A thief! The words "You're a thief" was written in burning letters wherever she looked. The thought drove her nearly crazy.

Then the thought came to her that she wasn't certain that her gruesome deed was a secret to her only. The thought chilled her. She turned around and saw that the lady was still in back of her. She seemed to see the lady's slender finger point straight at her and coolly say "You are a thief."

Mechanically she turned her head forward. A great fear took place in her heart. She had noticed a man in back of the lady who walked leisurely along as if he had nothing at all to do. But she noticed a keenness in the man's dark grey eyes which seemed to burn a hole in her skin. And the man was watching her—a thief! He had seen her commit the terrible deed. Soon the man would come and put his hand upon her shoulder and tell her she was a thief.

A growing consciousness made her want to confess her crime but she could not turn back, somehow.

Just then someone touched her shoulder lightly. It was only a passerby who, in his haste brushed her coat but she thought it was the Man.

The buildings grew dimmer before her and mist blinded everything in sight and she dropped in a profound sleep of unconsciousness.

She awoke later to find herself in a room with a color scheme of white and green. How fresh and comfortable everything was. Was it a dream? Yes, it must be; just a delightful dream. Soon she heard someone open the door and a peaceful looking lady walked in. It seemed to Mildred that she had seen the woman before. Then the whole thing came back to her. The lady was the person she had robbed, and she was the thief. Then she screamed and hid her head in the pillows.

The woman, still unaware that anything had happened, placed a comforting hand on her shoulder only to be pushed away by the sobbing girl.

"Wont you tell me what is the matter and maybe I can help you, dear?" she asked, soothingly.

Slowly, between drawn out sobs, the truth came from Mildred's lips. She longed to through her arms around the woman's neck and tell her that she didn't mean any harm, but as the crime was committed she must take her medicine.

"Never mind, dear, as we found the money and I know you didn't mean any harm we'll let the matter drop. Now, go to sleep, so Santa Claus wont forget to come.

She stooped and kissed the girl and after smoothing her covers softly left the room. Already Mildred had fallen into a peaceful sleep.

"Let your conscience be your guide".

Marie Daoust '27

The Surprise "Jail Dinner"

CHRISTMAS night and nothing to do! "Gee, this is a dead place." This was the exasperating exclamation of "Red" Mullins, ten-year-old terror of the "east dump gang" of youngsters whose homes never knew the decoration of a Christmas tree,—indeed, they had never believed that such things existed except in stories.

"Red," one must know, was always ready for mischief and scarcely a day passed during which he did not display his use and knowledge of his strong, brown, freckled fists. It was not an uncommon sight to see a member of "Red's" gang going about the streets with his cap pulled low over one eye because he was not desirous of showing the black discoloration beneath it.

It happened that on this cold Christmas night, when the snow was just beginning to fall and only a soft, thick blanket of it covered the ground, that "Red" had gathered about him all of his gang. He had called them by means of "the signal" which was a long, sharp whistle succeeded by two short ones. The honorable members were gathered here not because they wished to come, but because he, "Red," wished them to come. If they had not appeared at his call, many a fistic fight would surely occur the following day. Now that they all were there, "Red" hadn't the least idea what he was going to do. After remaining in deep thought for ten minutes he suddenly exclaimed with a wide grin denoting mischief, "Follow me, fellers, We're going to do something tonight."

Wondering, the boys followed their staunch admirable "Red". He walked at a quick pace ahead of his mates, but came to a stop when they had reached the "dump" which was the city's place for dumping ashes and refuse. "Red" brushed aside some snow with his feet and then knelt down and pulled two tin cans from the hard ground. He got up and seeing the others looking at him perplexed, he growled, "What are you gawping at? Make yourselves useful by picking up some of those cans."

Quick as lightning the boys occupied themselves in picking up or digging them up as fast as they could. When each one had armed himself with two or three cans the "Terror" yelled:

"Come on now, you've got 'nough."

Holding the cans in his arms, "Red" led the way towards the old wooden bridge where it was quite dark. Here he motioned to his followers and said, "It's Christmas tonight, kids, and we've got nothing to do. We're going to liven this dead place a little, tonight. You fellers just do what I tell you or—I feel like licking somebody." Seeing a frightened look on the faces of the boys he continued in a disgusted voice:

"Not you, you bunch of cowards. You're not big 'nough for me to fight. You ought to be like me. I ain't afraid of anybody—'cept my father. Well, I said that we're going to hit somebody and that somebody is the first guy who's going across this bridge in an auto. Savvy?"

The eager faces were lit up by wide understanding grins.

"Now, when I give the signal you all throw your cans. Be sure you aim straight—then run. If you get caught don't start howling. Remember, I never

cried yet—'cept when my father hit me with the willow. Come on!" exclaimed "Red" pointing to a low fence which ran along one side of the bridge. "Sit here." There was a scramble for the places of advantage, after five minutes of anxious waiting, the hum of the engine of some automobile was heard bounding over the rough, hard roads.

"Now," whispered the leader, "get ready." The car was coming at a moderate pace toward the boys.

"One, two, three," Clank—Bang "What—Ouch" and the grinding of brakes were the series of noises.

"Hey," yelled the driver, stepping out of the car. "Stop! If you rascals don't, I'll shoot down everyone of you."

He pulled out something from his pocket which looked like a revolver and he pointed it towards the place where the boys were fleeing. The sound of the fleeing footsteps suddenly stopped.

"Come here," shouted the man, gulping strangely. Soon the crowd of boys, about twelve in number came towards the man. Frightened and terror-stricken, they looked at the dark weapon in the man's hand. It was because of that, they had returned.

"Get in this car," commanded the stout gentleman. "I'm going to take you to headquarters on the charge of endangering lives."

"Red", it must be recorded, had also returned under those ominous threats. He was the first one to enter the auto and he sat with the gentleman. The others piled in behind and in the still ride few sniffings were heard, to which "Red" retorted, "Haven't you got a handkerchief?"

The drive seemed to be a long one. "Red" was fidgeting in his pockets and acted a little restless.

"Well, son," said the jolly looking driver, "what will your mother say when she hears of this?"

Moans were heard from the rear. Finally the auto stopped before a well illuminated building where the boys thought they heard a woman laugh.

"Now," said the gentleman, "Get out, boys." The boys reluctantly obeyed. "Red," however, was the last one. The driver had the boys go up a beautiful stairway, "Red" hung behind. Noticing this, the man asked, "Sonny, what seems to be the trouble?"

"Aw gee, Mister," "Red" was searching his pockets thoroughly, "Look, I'll give you my watch, which is a real one if you won't tell my father you pinched me."

The driver contracted a sudden cold for he quickly took out his handkerchief and blew his nose very hard.

"Well, I'll see. Come up." When they all had reached the door, it was suddenly opened by a maid who, seeing all these boys exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Durham, you did bring them, didn't you?"

"Gee," whispered one frightened boy, "they even have maids in jail."

"This way, boys," ordered the old gentleman a little more gently. He opened another door and pushed the boys into the room.

"There! What do you think of that for a jail?"

"Red" and his gang looked about with their mouths wide opened. No wonder! In the center of a beautifully furnished dining room they saw a large and long table set with a Christmas dinner! They were brought back to earth when the old man said,

"My gas ran out, boys, so I thought I'd drop in for a bite of a Christmas meal. Would you like to join me?"

Would they! They did.

Just then a large, motherly, looking woman appeared and looking joyfully at the boys exclaimed,

"You've brought just enough, John."

"Yes," replied Mr. Durham, tenderly feeling his head, "but not just the way I went to get them."

During the meal, Mr. Durham, took from his pocket an old pipe which he held up and said, simply,

"Didn't have my automatic with me tonight."

The boys' cheerful laughter showed that they understood.

Asunta Marchisio

A Christmas Miracle

RHODA PEMBERTON ran the comb once more through her unruly hair, dusted her pert nose with the girl's indispensable tool, the powder-puff, and drew on her serviceable old blue coat. Following that, she crushed on the felt sport hat, flew to her mother and kissed her goodbye, crying as she dashed down the steps.

"So long mom, gotta get the eight-fifteen or die in the attempt."

Her mother smiled a knowing little smile as she murmured something about "the helter-skelter modern girl." It was always the same she reflected, Rhoda was always doing things at the last moment but her father was just the same way and that probably accounted for it. She sighed and turned to her work. She did hope Rhoda would get that position! The poor girl had so many presents to buy and so little to buy them with, as it was very hard for the family to make ends meet with a boy at college and a girl going through high school.

Meanwhile Rhoda was hurrying along the street bound for the station when she was accosted by an eager girl whom she recognized as a school girl chum.

"Oh Roddy," Jenny exclaimed, "you're just the one I wanted to see! I'm selling tickets—", the rest was a blank for Rhody as she instinctively dived into her purse, deposited the required money in her friend's hand and thrust the ticket in her pocket.

Arriving at the station she purchased her ticket and reached the train just as it was about to pull out. With a sigh of relief she sank into a seat and attempted to transform her dilapidated self into a more presentable appearance. Oh! She did hope she'd get that position to earn that much needed fund for Christmas presents!

Just as the family sat down to dinner the door was opened by a dusty travel-stained girl who sank into the nearest chair with a dejected air.

"Just my luck," she announced wearily, "a whole mob of girls reached there before me and, as usual, poor little me was left out in the cold."

"Never mind, little one," said her father playfully, "hurry and make yourself presentable and then partake of this feast for lo, we have killed the fatted calf in honor of the return of our procrastinating daughter."

The mother glanced from father to daughter. They were very much alike, those two, in their impetuosity, their unbusinesslike way of doing things and harum-scarumness. She smiled at both, after all, what would she do without them?

A few days later.

The incessant ringing of the telephone was put to an end by Rhoda who answered it.

"Hello, who? yes—what?—7062? I'll see and let you know later. 'Bye.'" Then she proceeded to examine the various drawers and jars in the room, in fact, anything that would conceal anything.

"Oh, where is it?" she panted as her search proved fruitless. "Where have I put it? Mother, have you seen it?"

"Heavens, child, tell me what it is that you want. If you'd put your things away you'd have no trouble in finding them "A place for everything and everything in its place", you know."

"Oh, mother—please," begged Rhoda, "It's a ticket. I had it last Saturday. Have you seen it?"

"Why, yes," answered Mrs. Pemberton, "I found it in your coat pocket and put it away for you. It's in the box on your bureau."

Rhoda rushed to the place indicated fumbled about for a minute and finally located the desired object. She glanced at it and then cried.

"Hurrah! I've got it! 7062. It's mine! I've won a Ford coupe!"

In a jumble of confused words she related her meeting with her friend on the previous Saturday. Her recital was punctuated with her mother's.

"Well I never! What do you know about that!"

"—and I knew she'd never speak to me again if I didn't buy it so I did buy it." Rhoda ended. After a moment's thought she added.

"Now mother, I can spend as much money as I like on Christmas presents and still have plenty of money left. Lady Luck hasn't deserted me after all," she finished triumphantly.

Norah E. Whitehead

A Slight Mistake

MR. Henry S. White, citizen of New York and a clerk in a broker's office, struggled along one of the main streets of the city in the face of a wind which had almost the proportions of a gale. It was Christmas Eve and he was in a hurry to reach his home. With his head almost concealed in his collar, which was turned up to provide better protection, he was oblivious to his fellow-men who either were being swept past him by the wind, or were laboring against it like himself.

Just as Mr. White reached a corner, which was swept by the entire force of the wind, a young man, almost entirely enveloped by a huge fur coat, narrowly missed colliding with him. The young man continued on his way without slackening his pace. Mr. White, rather indignant at the hurry of the fellow, turned unconsciously to see what caused his haste.

A ragged newsboy was huddled against the huge building on the corner. The glare of the street lights plainly showed his pitiful condition. His only outside covering was a small, ragged coat which consisted more of patches than of the original material. His shoes were torn and all the toes of his right foot protruded from the shoe. The newsboy's face was blue with cold and pinched with hunger.

The young man in the fur coat suddenly paused, stood irresolutely for a moment, and then approached the newsboy who still crouched against the wall.

"Paper, mister?" asked the boy. The young man drew a coin from his pocket and gave it to the newsboy who handed him a paper in return. The man turned as if to leave, but hesitating he wheeled about and said something to the newsboy who appeared to brighten at the idea.

Mr. White then did a thing which he could not explain. He slowly drifted toward the two so different in appearance. His conduct amazed him but he was overwhelmed with curiosity at the action of the apparently rich man who stopped to chat with a dirty newsboy. He soon was standing shoulder to shoulder with the pair, neither of them noticed him. The words of the elder amazed Mr. White. He was trying to persuade the newsboy to accompany him to his rich home to enjoy Christmas Eve.

Mr. White's heart filled with joy. Here was a true Samaritan. This young man was willing to bring a newsboy into his sumptuous home to enjoy a wonderful Christmas. Mr. White could hardly restrain himself from slapping the man on the back.

At that moment some-one shouted, "Hey there, you fathead, what do you think you're doing? Get out of there." Mr. White turned slowly about, wondering who was being shouted at and what was amiss. To his surprise a small man, dressed rather loudly was shouting at him as if he had done something wrong.

The man continued loudly, "Look at what you have done. You've ruined that whole scene! The first time it was anywhere near right." When Mr. White showed no signs of understanding, the little man helplessly threw his hands in the air and turned away. Mr. White turned bewilderedly to the newsboy and his companion as if to demand an explanation.

"I suppose you did not know that this scene was being filmed," explained the young man, the Atlas Film Company are producing a new success "Out of the

Deep" and we were just filming an important scene. Naturally Bill was rather angry as this scene must be refilmed."

"But-but," stammered Mr. White, "Is that newsboy an actor too?" His question was answered as the pair disappeared into a waiting limousine, leaving Mr. White to thoughtfully resume his homeward journey.

O. Johnson

A Real Christmas

NESTLING among the hills was the small village of Tilton. It was a very pretty place especially in winter when everything was covered with snow. It was then more like a picture than a real village.

It was two weeks before Christmas. Two weeks! A small group of girls gathered around a table in the school-room were confronted with an important matter. They all wore sad faces. Why? For this very reason. The girls wished to give an entertainment for the poor children of the village. They could give the entertainment if they only had the money. They realized that they could not do one thing without money.

The girls thought and thought but no one seemed to be able to think of a way to get the money. They decided to go home and return the following evening. Each one would then tell of her success or failure.

The next evening if anyone had glanced into the school-room window, he would have seen the same group of girls, with the same worried looks. But—on closer observance he would notice that one girl was missing.

The girls had just decided to give up the idea of all their plans. They were about to leave when Doris (for she was the missing girl) walked in. From the happy look on her face, the girls knew immediately, that she had good news to tell them.

"Here," she said, as she laid a roll of bills on the table. "Go as far as you like. There is plenty more where this came from."

She was greeted by a chorus of whats, whos, whys and wherefores. She clapped her hands on her ears and waited until they were quiet.

"You must ask no question about the money. I shall not tell you a word until after the entertainment on Christmas Eve," she said.

No more questions were asked and the girls set to work at once. They were very busy, working both early and late, for they meant this to be the very best thing ever.

Christmas Eve arrived at last. The school-room was overflowing with wide-eyed children. How happy they looked! They enjoyed the play very much, and oh! how they jumped and shouted when Santa Claus, himself, stamped into the room.

It was a very pleased group of girls who watched the children leave the room. Each child, clutching his present (from Santa Claus) in his small hand, rewarded the girls with pleased looks and happy smiles.

After everyone had gone the girls grouped about Doris and demanded the story of the money. She smiled and said, "Well, Mr. Crosby gave it to me."

At this a chorus of ohs went up—for who should Mr. Crosby be, but a miser. The village gossips spoke of him as the "meanest and hardest man in town."

Doris went on to say, that on walking home the evening of the first meeting, she passed Mr. Crosby's house. Before she realized what she was doing, she found herself ringing his doorbell.

Mr. Crosby opened the door himself. He invited her in and they talked on various subjects. She said she could not remember how she started, but she found herself talking of the girls' disappointments. She finished speaking and rose to go. Turning to him to say, "Good-bye," she was surprised to see tears in his eyes.

He then told her that she had made him see things in an entirely different light than he had ever seen them before. He gave her the money, saying she could have more if necessary. This he gave on one condition, that she should not tell anyone outside of the girls in the village, who the money was from.

The next day a happy group of girls called on Mr. Crosby to thank him for what he had done. It pleased him very much when they told him how happy the children had been. As the girls were leaving they noticed that Mr. Crosby seemed to be an all-together different man from what he had been before. He seemed to have lost the mean and hard look. In its place was the kindest look ever.

Grace Strahan

Red Candles

Red candles burning in the night.
Sending forth a cheerful ray
Of happiness that's bright and clear.
Red candle—oh so gay!

They cast queer shadows on the wall,
That flicker wierdly to and fro,
And make dream pictures for me there,
Which softly come and go.

Fair maidens and their lovers bold,
Who on the moonlit pathways stray;
Dreamers, and poets, warriors, knaves,—
These people pass my way.

I see a hundred different things,
Things past, and present, and to come;
Unfulfilled dreams and memories
Of things that I have done.

Red candles, drooping, almost burnt—
A breath of wind, and then it seems
Black night and realistic world
Usurp the place of dreams.

M. H. Bastow

A Strange Christmas Eve

MRS. Porter gazed with satisfaction on the tree standing tall and splendid in one corner of the living room.

"Well, that's done. I wonder if I've forgotten anything? There's Junior's sled, and skates, and mittens, Lois' books, dolls, and everything else. How happy they will be in the morning. Well, I guess every single thing is there. Well, Shep," to the handsome collie gazing wonderingly at the tree, "you and I had better get some sleep."

She put out the lights and went off to the kitchen, Shep walking with stalker step beside her. She then shook down the fire, and put the coal on, looked around to see if everything was all right for the night, bade Shep good-night, and went up-stairs.

Shep lay down in back of the fire, and blinked sleepily; his thoughts straying to the wonderful, green and shining thing which he had seen in the front room. The Mistress seemed very happy when looking at it, well it was an exciting looking thing. He dozed, then awoke with a start! What was that funny smell? "Sniff! sniff," then he bounded to his feet. Ever nerve in his body screaming: Danger—danger! Fire! the enemy of man and beast; when watched, their friend, when unguarded, their worst enemy.

Swift as lightning his brown, near-sighted eyes took in the situation, a coal had fallen on the rag rug on the floor. The rug was a smoking mass with tiny river-lets of flame running through it.

His Mistress, no harm must come to her, or Junior and Lois. He sprang across the smoky mass and bounded for the stairs. Five steps at a time, bound on bound, into the room of the Mistress, his cold nose on her face.

"Shep, Shep, what is it?" She whispered. Shep's only answer was a nervous whine, and a tug on her nightgown. "Yes, yes, I'm coming." She grabbed her bathrobe, and dashed into the hall. What was it she smelt? Smoke! Oh! Heaven, and Harold away until Christmas day.

She ran down stairs, and into the kitchen where she could see smoke, and tiny tongues of flame. Shep was close to her side, looking up at her anxiously, "Oh! Shep, we've got to put it out. We can't have our home and the Babies' Christmas day ruined," she moaned to the sympathetic Shep. The fire extinguisher, no, no that hadn't been refilled. She ran to the sink and poured the pailful of water, which was in it, on the burning rug, another and another, while her arms ached and she could have wept from weariness. At last her efforts were rewarded, the flames disappeared and finally the smoke, and the only things that told of her strange night fight for her home and children were the charred rags of the rug.

The next day as the children received their gifts, Shep was not forgotten, Mr. Porter had gone to the store and purchased the handsomest and most expensive collar he could find.

"Honey", he said, looking fondly at his wife, "The first chance I get I'm going to have an inscription put on Shep's collar," and he did. This is it:

"Shep, a true Saviour."

Each and all agreed this was the way to reward such a faithful comrade and pal.

Leone Prilchard

A Miner's Christmas Spirit

THE wind was howling. The thermometer had hovered below zero for a week and a blizzard which had raged for forty-eight hours had blocked the roads and people were able only to get about on foot. In the out-lying sections it was even worse for the snow had drifted to such an extent that the miner had to get about on snow shoes.

A figure slowly battled his way thru the deep drifts. Now and then he would stop in the shelter of a tree to rest and regain his breath, only to stumble on again, fall, and then regain his equilibrium. He had been doing this for the past five hours and was nearly numb with the cold, but he must get back to camp before the children arose—for it was Christmas Eve. He had been chosen by his co-workers to go to town for the kiddies' presents, as he was the strongest of his fellow workers, and considered the only one who would be able to battle the overwhelming odds and return a victor.

Still he went on. He did not seem to feel the cold now, for in his mind he could picture the overjoyed children, when they would see that Santa had come, when their mothers had told them that "Old Nick" would not visit them this year, as he would be unable to get his reindeer thru the deep snow. He realized that it must be near dawn, for it was afternoon of the day previous that he had started from the camp, and he must hurry.

"God give me strength," he fervently muttered, and with renewed strength kept doggedly on.

Back in camp the older folks were assembled in the meeting house. They had been up all night waiting anxiously for John Stuart to return with the Christmas presents, and had given up hopes of his returning in time to surprise the children.

"I guess he can't make it," one of the men said, "Let's go home."

"It's half past five and we might as well wait till six anyway," said another.

Nearly all were more or less sleepy and but few were wide awake. The minutes dragged by slowly and the hour of six was drawing near, and, but one was awake to hear a thud at the door. He quickly opened the door and beheld a figure huddled in the snow. A yell aroused three more and the figure was taken inside.

"It is Stuart!" someone cried. And it was! The children were to have their presents, but at what cost no one knew, for Stuart seemed to have little life left in him, and needed attention at once. But after a hot drink he regained consciousness, and muttered, "Did I make it?"

He was quickly told that he had, and was congratulated on his safe return.

The presents were quickly distributed and it was not very long before the children were gazing with rapture at the wonderful things Santa had left them. They had expected to see nothing in the line of presents upon arising, and could hardly believe their eyes.

When the children had grown up and were told of the sacrifice that John Stuart had made to give them that merry Christmas, there is little wonder that he was so loved by both old and young.

Catherine Gregory '27

*Anthems*

How dear to my heart are the Christmastide anthems,
Which make earth resound with the tidings of old;
Of how our sweet Saviour was born in a manger,
In a stable so dismal, so barren and cold.

They tell of a night that is sacred and holy,
They tell of a day that is happy and glad;
As prince of the heavens we welcome Him duly,
And no heart on this day is sorry or sad.

How dear to my soul are those strains so triumphant,
The music so filled with His glory and praise;
Which to us relate how those wandering shepherds,
Came into the stable—to marvel and gaze.

They tell how a bright star appeared in the heavens,
And moved slowly up, as to show them the way;
All earth will be joyous, and heaven exultant,
For we are fast nearing that glad Christmas day!

Ellen M. Andrews

Christmas

With merry feast and revelry
We celebrate each year,
The day of place and pleasure,
Of happiness and cheer.

Christmas is beloved by all
Thru the far country round,
In rich or humble homestead
The spirit can be found.

A day of joyous giving,
And of receiving, too,
When, thru little deeds of kindness,
Is learned the good that men can do.

'Mid all this celebration,
Of merry pomp and feast,
Forget not, two thousand years ago,
Of the star that shone in the East.

For, down thru the living ages,
And into the lives of men,
Comes the twenty-fifth of December,
And Christ is born again.

Ann Gleason '25

A Ballad of Christmas

In the old days, the bold days
They raised the wassail high.
In many a room they scattered gloom.
As golden hours sailed by
"God bless you merry gentlemen!"
Was sung beneath the sky.

In snow-bank towns, on moonlit downs
Young jolly maids and men
Looked long and far at one bright star
That shone over glade and glen
Then round the table the cup was poured
For He was born again.

"Bring the bowl, God bless my soul,"
Many a Squire declared.
"Fetch logs to burn, fill yonder urn
The boars head bring; let everything
Be bountiously prepared!"

High, high in ancient galleries
With portraits round the wall,
The candles sparkled in a dream
—Candles both great and small.
Said many a squire, "Sing, sing, Oh Choir
—And blessings on you all.

In teeming towns, on unknown downs,
On rolling seas men pray.
A minstrel in the heart leap up
To sing the ancient lay,
"God bless you merry gentlemen!"
For it is Christmas Day.

(By C. H. Towne)

Catherine Volin

Uncle Dan Changes His Mind

RUTH DeVOE sat in the beautiful parlor of her uncle's house. It was a cold December afternoon, so the fire in the large cobblestone fireplace, felt very comfortable. Ruth's parents had died but a short time ago, and her Uncle Dan, being her closest relative, asked her to live with him. He was quite an old man, and lived alone on his beautiful estate, so Ruth kept him company. Other people spoke of her uncle, as being a cross, old man, but Ruth did not find him so. But, of late, Ruth was beginning to think that he was a bit miserly with the money he spent outside the household. "Just think," she said, "the other day someone was around asking for money to be used in providing Christmas dinners for the poor. I certainly thought he would give something for such a worthy cause, but he didn't."

Ruth finally tired of staying in the house, where it was so warm, decided to go out and get a breath of the cool December air. She put on her large, fur coat that her uncle had given her, and started out. Her uncle's estate was on the outskirts of the city, and there was a small wood just a few yards from the house. As she had been living with her uncle but a short time, she had not seen much of the land around. She walked on for quite a distance until she came to a small cottage. Having no idea of the time, she decided to inquire at the cottage. She knocked at the door, and a small old man with silvery, white hair appeared. Before Ruth had time to ask her question, the old man said, "Why, Miss, you must be cold, come in and Mother'll make you a hot cup of tea." Upon entering Ruth saw "Mother" putting the kettle on for the tea. "I really didn't mean to impose on you like this," said Ruth, "but"—"Oh! it isn't any bother at all," said the little old lady. "It seems good to have company, we haven't had any in so long, have we Tom?" "No, we haven't," he replied. "I guess people kind of forget there's anybody living here." By this time the tea was ready and Ruth appreciated it greatly. "How do you get along during the long winter months, away out here?" asked Ruth. "I don't know just how we will manage this winter," he said, "our coal is getting low, and I don't see how we can afford to buy any just now." Ruth said nothing, but was planning something to herself.

"Well, I must be going, she said, "but I will call again soon." Ruth left the house in high spirits. "I know Uncle Dan was planning to give me some money for my birthday," she said to herself, "I already have quite a sum in the bank, and if he will let me use it. I will do something grand."

"Mr. Brown didn't seem to think that they would be able to buy any fuel this winter, and I think I have enough money to get some. I could buy them a basket full of good things for Christmas, too." Ruth arrived home just in time for supper. She told her uncle of her experience, but did not tell him of her plan. The next day was her birthday. That night her uncle presented her with a check for one hundred dollars. Of course Ruth thanked him, but said it was quite a sum for him to give her. The next day she told her uncle her plan. At first he did not approve of the plan. "I don't care what you do with your money, as long as you don't spend it foolishly, but don't you think that that family could care for themselves?" he asked in a stiff tone. "Mr. Brown didn't seem to think they could this winter," she said. "Well, I will go out there with you this morning." They went there that morn-

ing. Ruth knocked at the door and Mr. Brown opened it. Ruth thought her uncle looked surprised. "Why! Tom Brown," he said, "what are you doing here? How long have you been living here?"

"Why, I've been living here for two years now," he replied.

"Well, for goodness sake, and to think that"—"Well, I suppose Ruth's wondering what we two are talking about." "Why, Tom Brown and I used to be great chums at school," her uncle said. Finally it was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Brown would come and live in one of the cottages on Ruth's uncle's estate. Instead of making Ruth use her money, her uncle gave her a large sum of money which she gave to Mr. and Mrs. Brown for a Christmas gift. For a time it was thought that many people would be without Christmas dinners, but Uncle Dan changed his mind and gave a very large sum, and the drive was a success. It seemed to Ruth that she was living in a different house with new people around. Mr. DeVoe was indeed a changed man, and everything went along as smoothly as one could wish.

E. Young

And So—

THE dark and bloody deed was done. The body of the limp and unresisting victim was cut down from the limb of the ragged apple tree from which it had been suspended, and was borne by two dwarf-like beings into a dark and dreary shed.

Said one, "She's none so heavy."

"She's none so light either," replied the other.

"How would you lay her out?" questioned number one.

"Not in those clothes, that's certain," answered number two with a laugh.

They stood looking down in silence for a moment.

"Well," sighed the first, with a shrug, "let's to business. Standing here will never finish the job."

For a short time nothing but mysterious rustlings and smothered ejaculations broke the silence. Finally with sighs of relief both stood back and viewed the results of their labors.

Said number one, "Now she's ready for the finish."

"Yes," laughed the other, "I hope we can both be there. Shall we move her now?"

"No," said number one, "let her lie here until she gets a little colder. We better clean up this mess now at once before anyone comes here."

For several minutes the two worked industriously at cleaning and straightening up until the shed had nearly resumed its normal order.

Suddenly a dark shape appeared in the doorway and a shrill, feminine voice called, "George, haven't you got that goose picked yet? It'll be Christmas morning before we get her stuffed."

And so—the Christmas goose was plucked.

R. Dunbar

Old Dick's Christmas

OLD Dick lived in a small room just around the corner. He ate most of his meals at a nearby restaurant, but occasionally he dined at one of the neighbors where he was always welcome.

One Christmas Eve he stopped at our house and said he had just spent an enjoyable day shopping. We couldn't understand whom he could be buying presents for, because all his relatives were dead. So we asked him to explain himself while we settled down in our chairs to listen.

"My father had always wanted a gold watch, and today I found just the one he would have wanted. Then my mother had wanted a Paisley shawl. It was difficult to find one, for it seems that they have gone out of fashion. My Aunt Ellen had always wished for a green and red bonnet, trimmed with lemons." We were horrified at such taste and demanded to know if he had bought this bonnet. "Oh! no, I didn't buy these things, I went to different stores and picked out the things they would have wanted and priced them," he replied.

"You see when I was young I couldn't afford to give as many presents as I would have liked to. So today I priced everything they would have liked and when I added the sum up it amounted to just \$500 dollars. Then I wrote this check for \$500 dollars and I am going to give it to the Town Charities. Perhaps it will make some families as happy as it has made me today."

Frank Combs

Christmas Time

Everybody's got a lot of secrets,
Someone's always in the way;
And everyone's excited,
'Cause it's almost Christmas Day.

Pa's fattening up the turkey,
In every sort of way;
Ma's baking all sorts of goodies,
'Cause it's almost Christmas Day.

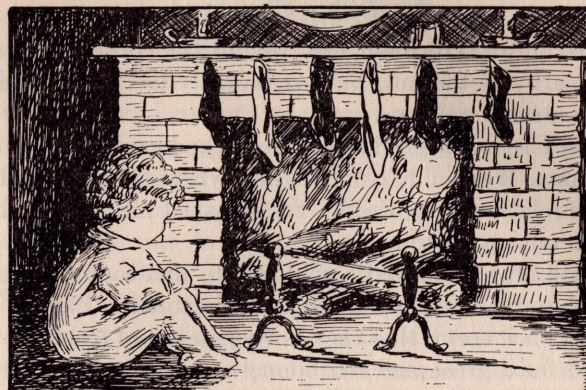
I can hardly wait for that very day,
When we'll all have so much fun;
From the time the sun peeps o'er the hill,
'Till our Christmas Day is done.

Gladys M. Goold

If Fortune with a smiling face strew roses in our path,
When shall we smile, if smile we must.
Today, my love, today.

But if she frown with a face of care
And talk of coming sorrow.
When shall we sigh, if sigh we must
Tomorrow, my love, tomorrow.

Gerald M. Davis '26



Four Christmas Stockings

Ann found a sport stocking, blue and tan;
Which she chose for its size and strength.
Nan had a hose of sheerest silk;
Whose merit was in its length.
Dan displayed a huge, golf stocking,
Bought for the occasion.
Baby had a wee booty
They all viewed with derision.

"Mine is brightest, he can't pass it by!"
"That mine is most beautiful you can't deny!"
"Mine is the newest he surely must see!"
But baby said nothing,
Just laughed at the three.

Christmas morning dawned frosty and bright
And these same four children awoke with delight.
Down stairs they scampered to the old fire place;
With expectancy written on each youthful face.

In the toe of Ann's stocking a small hole had been;
So the toys that had filled it just wouldn't stay in.
Nan's hose was not fashioned such things to contain,
And to her dismay had not stood the strain.
Poor Dan had not fastened his stocking with care;
So it fell to the floor, breaking gifts rich and rare.
But baby's booty had been hung there by mother.
Its strength was assured—with no hole like the other.
And now it was full, and a drole Chinese doll
From the top of it, slyly grinned down at them all.

Alice Canfield

Petite Poème

Of all the times throughout the year,
Christmas is the best to me;
When ev'ry one is happy, bright,
And filled with charity.

As the joyous day draws near,
I like to tramp along the streets;
And watch the faces of the crowd,
That go to buy the Christmas treats.

I like to look in at the windows,
To gaze upon the things so gay.
Just waiting to be bought,
For gifts on Christmas Day.

I like to wake up Christmas morning,
While all the rest are still a-bed,
And tiptoe down to see the tree,
With gifts around it spread.

I just can't wait till all come down,
And gifts untie with much ado.
It feels so good to think just then,
That folks remember you.

Then, when that Christmas day is o'er,
I don't feel sad, but gay.
I like to think that there's another
That'll come to us some day.

Mildred Rubin

When Ma's Away

Oh, ain't it awful when Ma's away?
Ya trubbles begin tha very first day,
Evrathin's wrong an' nuthin's right,
An' tha looks uf tha house—'sa norful sight.

Ya git up in tha mornin', an' nuthin' ta eat
Kus Ma's away, an' they let ya sleep.
Ya git ta school, an' ya prob'ly late
But ya got 'nexcuse at any rate.

An' when lunchun time comes, ya begin ta recall
Tha good things Ma made, tha cakes an' all
Tha san'wiches an' things; but now—
Oh, well Ma's away.

An' when school lets out, an' ya go home,
Ya sit there all alone, adreamin' a' tha time
When Ma was there—
When ya'd like ta tease her, but didn't just dare.

Oh, how ya wish thet Ma'd come home
Then ya wouldn't sit there all alone,
An' when supper time came, why then—oh boy,
For the good things there ya'd leap fa' joy.

Lester Perkins, '25

The Chase

It was a beautiful winter's night,
As the full moon cast its glimmering light
O'er the snow covered ground.
In the distance, the voice of a hound
Like an echo thru the still, clear air,
Penetrated to the very lair
Of the wily and cunning fox.

Down the mountainside and thru the valley;
On they came, neither daring to tarry.
Across the fields and onto the road,
Far from any inhabited abode.
Panting and gasping the fox circled back,
And it was not long, 'ere the hound lost track,
And—the chase was done!

Charles Owen '25

"'Twas the night before Christmas," thus mother began,
And we waited with eager delight,
When rat-a-tat-tat came a knock at the door,
Which we opened to gaze thru the night.
There was no one at all, so we gathered again,
And wondered just who it could be.
Ma said it was boys who were playing about,
For she thought she'd heard Billy's "tee-hee."
Since then I've decided that she was not right.
'Twas Santa and not Billy Snow, for when I asked him
If he'd been around,
He answered, emphatically, "No!"
At any rate, Santa did come in the night,
My stocking can give you that proof!
Altho he didn't come in thru the door,
He certainly came thru the roof!

Bertha Fobes '25

BOOK REVIEWS

Reading As a Pastime

Ruchard de Bury has said that the virtue of books is the perfecting of reason, which is indeed the happiness of man. The truth of his statement can hardly be questioned. Yet I wonder if we realize fully just how important a role they play in our lives, and how essential they are to our happiness.

Please understand that I do not mean great books, no indeed I am not thinking of these books that are simply overflowing with mighty thoughts, not the books written by grand men whose very names make one tremble from sheer awe and wonderment. But rather of those simple stories that in themselves suggest quiet and relaxation. That kind of book offers companionship when one may be otherwise alone, and not only that, but tends to soothe tired nerves and minds and bodies.

Our fancy calls for different books according as the mood may be. When one is not in the best of spirits, then should we turn to something light and slightly humorous something that will chase away all clouds and bring him back to a merry frame of mind. Then there is that time when the soul cries out for poetry, that exquisitely noble language. Poetry is imaginative, it is something more beautiful than useful; serious, solemn and romantic.

Thus does reading exercise an almost uncanny influence over us,—for that reason alone, we should be infinitely careful in our choice of books. And we should be ever grateful to the so-called humble authors, for it is their mission in life to "ease the trouble of the world," which after all is the loveliest of all other missions.

Erma Reed

A Hermit of the Far End

Here is another worth-while story by Margaret Pedler, who gained much recognition and popularity because of her delightful English novel "The House of Dreams—Come—True." You will find, I am sure, that "A Hermit of the Far End" is equally as good as her other books.

It is a story of a young man, Garth Trent, who suddenly excludes himself from the rest of the world and goes to live in a great house situated on a high cliff overlooking a snug little seaside village. About him, there hangs a sort of legend and a profound mystery of his life in the past. For months, he seems to be the only topic which the village people and especially the Ladies' Aid Society can find suitable for unlimitable discussion.

Suddenly, however, this barrier of Silence on Garth Trent's part is broken down and it is easy to learn the dramatic tale of this man who is paying so dearly in solitude and silence for the foolishness of some one else. How love and happiness eventually make their way into this great old house, in the person of Sara Tennant is the theme of Miss Pedler's new novel.

Ione C. Howard '26

The Vanished Messenger

Richard Hamel, the young American engineer was indeed mystified with the disappearance of John Dunster, the messenger sent from America to England on private and important business. Hamel journeyed to England for the purpose of claiming some inherited property but upon his arrival he finds his countrymanor-house occupied by a Mr. Fentolin, an invalid, who was once a prominent English politician. Hamel agrees to grant the property to Fentolin after he—the engineer—should spend a short vacation here. During this stay, Hamel becomes attached to Helen, Fentolin's niece, and from her he learns some of the queer actions of her uncle. Suspicion, as to the disappearance of the American messenger, begins to point towards Mr. Fentolin. After a search, Hamel finds, in one of the hiding places, Dunster in an unconscious state. Why did Mr. Fentolin occupy my dwelling without my permission? How did he become an invalid? What should Mr. Fentolin, an invalid, want of Dunster? What will become of Helen, if this case is revealed? All these questions confront Hamel.

These are all answered as we read on. I think anyone would enjoy reading the "Vanished Messenger," by E. P. Oppenheim.

I. Arnet

Bird's Christmas Carol

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

The genuine Christmas Spirit—"It is more blessed to give than to receive"—is forcefully expressed in the Bird's Christmas Carol by Kate D. Wiggin. The story opens with the birth of a baby on Christmas morning in the Bird's household. The little girl is named Carol from a song, which the choir-boys are singing outside on the street.

She has seen nine Christmas trees lighted on her birthday, a patient, helpless invalid, lying in the room in which she was born. It was her earnest and sincere desire to make someone happy on Christmas every year that she lived.

On her tenth birthday, she had planned to give a Christmas party to "the Ruggleses in the rear." The dinner was to be given in her room, and a Christmas tree would come afterwards. Carol had a splendid time arranging the details and sending invitations to the nine Ruggleses. The scene on Christmas morning in the Ruggles' home was alive with amusing incidents, which occurred in the preparations of nine children for a Christmas party at the "big house." The dinner was a huge delight and a great success, the Ruggleses ate until they could hardly walk into the next room where the Christmas tree was lighted with candles and laden with many mysterious looking packages.

When the guests had all murmured their appreciation and had been escorted back home, Carol lay back in her bed, tired but extremely happy. The chorus boys, who had sung ten years ago, again softly chanted, My Ain Countree, but the spirit of the "wee birdie" had flown from the nest. She had devoted her last hours in making others happy.

A. Wentworth

None So Blind

By Albert Parker Fitch

ONE of the new books which is causing much comment in literary circles is "None So Blind" by Albert Parker Fitch. Dr. Fitch, formerly President of Andover Theological Seminary affiliated with Harvard University, was a professor at Amherst College at the time Dr. Meiklejohn was ousted. He resigned out of sympathy for Dr. Meiklejohn and as a protest against the action of the Board of Trustees. At present, he is serving in the capacity of professor at Carleton College, at Northfield, Minnesota—a typical co-educational, mid-western college, of high scholastic and athletic standards and records. Mr. Fitch is already well known, both as a speaker and as a writer. His latest book is a fine, upstanding example of what he does, winning him great favor in the literary world. It is a study of the life of "first" families near, and connected with, Harvard College. This story applies to a certain class of people in Boston, and, indeed, in many other cities, who live largely in the past.

The story deals with the lives of the Morland family. Mrs. Morland, a widow, is a member of the so-called "blue-blooded," intellectual aristocracy. For generations, her family has lived in her present home and nothing will induce her to leave it, for this reason. All the men of the family attended Harvard College and gave unselfishly and unstintingly, life, fortune,—all they had to give—to their country. The present members of the family are Mrs. Morland, her brother's family, her son, Francis, and her daughter Felicia. Francis is wholly out of harmony with his mother, and as he is attending Harvard College, he rooms in the Yard rather than at home. He is a caddish fellow, conceited, selfish, living on his family's reputation, willingly depriving his mother and sister of luxuries and pleasures that he may satisfy his own whims and fancies. Felicia, while not entirely agreeing with her mother, is more like her than is Francis. She is a very shallow girl, however, selfish, to a degree, spending her life in uselessly gadding about from one party to another, and very fond of masculine attention. Mrs. Morland is a narrow woman of false standards and unwise judgments,—perhaps the natural product of years of looking upon those outside a certain circle of society as uncultured and unworthy of consideration. She fails herself and her children in a crisis because of her lack of common sense and her prejudices. Dr. Barrett, a young instructor at Harvard, a typical "blue-blooded" Bostonian of the old school, lifeless, cold, insipid, tho' possessing some fine qualities, is in love with Felicia. He is, perhaps, typical of the men in Felicia's set. Thru' Francis, Felicia becomes acquainted with Dick Blaisdell, a Harvard student, a pupil of Dr. Barrett's, but not a member of the elite group, tho' he comes from a home of wealth in New York City. Dick, thru his love for Felicia, fights and conquers his passion for drink, tho' she doesn't realize what a struggle it was. Francis, thru a growing appetite for drink, secretly indulged to excess, becomes involved in some scandal and Dick, remembering his own fight and his former admiration for Francis, tries to help him, but is repulsed, and what is more, insulted and ridiculed. However, he finally wins Francis over, after plugging along persistently, and gains a slight acknowledgment of apology for Francis from those who had attacked him, but he goes unrewarded at the end. When Mrs. Morland hears of Francis' degradation she im-

mediately condemns him, not for the harm he has done to his own soul, but for the blot he has put on the family name. She does not realize that she herself is partly to blame for what he did, since from the time he was a child she had served liquor at her table, thus openly approving it.

The time comes when Felicia must make her choice between Dick Blaisdell and Dr. Barrett, and tho' she has stoutly declared she is not in sympathy with her mother, she does not fail her training. She chooses Dr. Barrett, respectability, and position, according to the family social code, rather than Dick, with an uncertain future, tho' she loves him. She becomes unhappy and discontented with her dreary life in a western university and is made more unhappy when her brother tells her that Dick has become a famous surgeon and is to spend the winter abroad, much of the time in Vienna, with his lovely wife—a girl, unselfish, fine in her ideals, and truly suited to be the wife of such a fine man as Dick has become.

The reader is glad that Dick did not marry Felicia, because she is too shallow to appreciate a man's worth and not capable of truly loving a man for himself. Her ideal was position and family, first; love and service to others, second.

This book was written with a purpose,—“None so blind as they who will not see”—which is very evident, and is a true description of the life and ideals of this class of people. It describes college life at Harvard. It is right that this book should receive acclaim, for the story, for the polished style in which it is written, for the high purpose of the author who is eminently capable of handling such a subject exhaustively. This is a fine book, one that every boy and girl would like to read. While it is not a deep story, neither is it a light and shallow one, but a modern novel dealing with various types of young people understandingly.

Harriet Moses

Captain Blood

By Rafael Sabatini

Sabatini sets forth in his novel “Captain Blood” a series of pictures of one of the most lawless, yet one of the most interesting periods in the history of the New World. In order to make these representations seem more realistic and to make them cling more readily to our memories, Mr. Sabatini has let us follow Doctor Blood during the most adventurous years of his life.

Doctor Blood, an English physician, was found by governmental troops under very suspicious circumstances and as there was an active revolt going on at this time, he was immediately called to trial, where he, with other suspected men, was sentenced to slavery in the English colonies. In Honduras, where Blood and his countrymen were sent, he gained quite a bit of influence because of his profession and also became a leader among the newly created slaves. It was due to this fact that he was able to lead his followers in a successful attempt to capture a pirate ship which had been left by its crew and officers, who were raiding the coast town nearby. Doctor Blood, naturally the leader, received the title of “Captain” and then set sail in his newly acquired vessel. He and his followers, like the former owners of the vessel, became freebooters and succeeded in getting a great deal of plunder by harassing English, French and Dutch vessels in the Carribean Sea.

H. Armstrong

The Vanishing of Betty Varian

By Caroline Wells

The latest newcomers at Headland Harbor, a wealthy summer resort in Maine, were the Varians. The family of three, father, mother and daughter, occupied a strangely situated house on the top of a high cliff which had only one entrance to the village.

The people of Headland Harbor were very curious to meet their new neighbors who had not yet cared to mingle with them. Soon after, invitations were issued by the Varians to several of the society people asking them to join the Varians at a picnic.

It was on this memorable start to the picnic grounds that the mysterious tragedy happened in the Varian family. Betty having forgotten her camera insisted on returning alone to the house for it. She did so and quite a while elapsed when, not returning, her father went for her. He, too, remained at the house. Then several of the party went to find out the cause of their delay.

Entering the mansion, Mrs. Blackwood and Mr. Landon, members of the party who had returned for Betty and Mr. Varian, were confronted by a terrible tragedy. Mr. Varian lay dead on the floor, evidently assaulted by the hands of an intruder! And Betty was gone! Who had committed the crime? Where was Betty? Was she kidnapped? How could the assassin and probable abductor escape when the only exit was in full view of the picnic party?

The solving of this deep mystery or rather numerous ones, some more coming to light later, is very cleverly done. And the many complications and characters involved keep one interested and in great suspense to the very end.

Esther Johnson Com'l '26

The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail

The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail, was written by Ralph Connor, who is in private life the Reverend Charles W. Gordon, D.D.

The story is laid in the territory known as the great Northwest and patrolled by the Northwest Mounted Police. Altho the story is a novel, much of the life here and many of the customs are shown. Corporal Cameron is the chief male character of the story and through his noble deeds we learn of some fine work done by the men who are working so hard to have better order in that territory bordering Canada and the United States. The story relates how thru many uprisings the faithful police strive and succeed in pacifying the many tribes of Indians and after bringing more or less injury to themselves secure safety for the people who wish to live peacefully in their different settlements.

Other books which might be of interest, by this same author are The Sky Pilot, Corporal Cameron, Black Rock, The Foreigner, The Doctor, and others.

Josephine Hollister



ALUMNI NOTES

Among some of our former P.H.S. students home for the Thanksgiving holidays were:

Evelyn White, Thelma Nelson, Dorothy Moran, Elizabeth White from Boston University.

Marion Lunning from Newport News, Va.

Alice McDowell from Westfield Normal Hoosac School.

Herbert Wollison from St. Albans Preparatory School.

Minnie Merriman from Syracuse University.

Constance Keegan from Bridgewater Normal.

Robert Acly from Williams.

"Don" Retallick from Williston.

Lawrence Miller and "Ed" Wood from Berkshire School.

"Heck" Learned from Dean Academy.

Frances Farrell, Rose Cunningham and Mary Cunningham from The Elms.

Loretta Hebert from Bridgewater Normal.

"Al" Williams and Howard Heneau from Williston.

Olga Hildebrandt from Bridgewater.

"Ev" Lesure from Brown.

Helen Beattie, Doris Acheson and Caroline Musgrove from Russel Sage.

Edith Fenton and Janet Burt from Framingham Normal.



Individuality of Work

The fact that Mr. M. Shapiro not only photographs, but carries the pictures through all the processes to completion, distinguishes his work from that of well-known New York studios. He makes each portrait an individual study.

It is not necessary to wait for an out-of-town photographer as Mr. Shapiro is now making appointments for home portraits.

Shapiro Studio

37 North Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

Chamber of Commerce Entrance



EXCHANGES

As We See Them

The Observer, Ansonia, Conn.—School Notes are interesting. A very complete paper.

Academy News, Hartford, Maine—"The Reward" is a good story.

The Calamont, Bennington, Vt.—A very interesting paper. Your Humor Title is original.

The Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.—A very complete paper. The Pepper Box is cleverly handled.

The Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.—Your sketches on Cheer Leaders are original.

The Hardwickian, Hardwick, Vt.—The serial story idea is new to us. Keep it up.

Chips, Richmond, Vt.—Poetry is well represented. Sketches are clever, keep it up.

The Folio, Flushing, N. Y.—A very good paper. We like your "Gossip in our Village".

The Clarion, Arlington, Mass.—We like "Getting a Driving License" it is realistic.

The Joke Department is well handled.

High School Chronicle, Danbury, Conn.—Pictures add a great deal to the paper.

The Cue, Albany, N. Y.—A paper, interesting and complete.

The Bumble Bee, Boone, Iowa.—The jokes are good.

Central High Signal, Columbia, Tenn.—Your Exchange Title is very appropriate.

Received

The Messenger Proof Sheet,
Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Boston University News, Boston University,
Boston, Mass.

The Tech Engineering News
Cambridge, Mass.

The Hyde Park Weekly
Chicago, Ill.

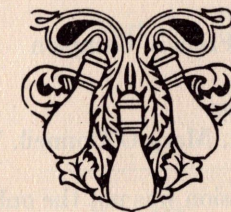
The Colby Echo
Waterville, Maine

The Vermont Cynic
Burlington, Vt.

The Sheaf
Saskatoon, Sask.

Current News
Pittsfield, Mass.

Pittsfield Electric Company



Serving

Pittsfield, Lee, Dalton, Hinsdale,
Richmond, Lanesboro

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Senior A Notes

The "Senior Hop" will be held December 12th. If this issue of the Pen is out before that date, we urge you to go. You're bound to have a good time! If the Pen is too late, we simply hope you have had a good time.

Senior B's, we compliment you on your choice of rings—however, we like our own better. We think that the school would be interested to know that we have chosen our class motto and our class colors. Our motto is: "We reach only as high as we aim." Our colors are: powder blue and silver.

Mildred McLaughlin

Junior A Notes

The committees for the "Junior Prom" which is to be held some time during the Christmas vacation at the Girls' League are; Victor Blais, general chairman with the class officers, Edward Connelly, George Donald, Jennie Corrinet and Miss Clifford, the class Advisor.

Decorations:—

Viola Hutchinson—*Chairman*

Charlotte Chapman, Russell Clarke, David Morrison

Music:—

Marguerite May—*Chairman*

Morris Pock

Refreshments:—

Marian Barbour—*Chairman*

Grace Genest

Checking:—

George Donald—*Chairman*

Francis Champion

Publicity:—

William Whalen—*Chairman*

Jennie Corrinet, Mary O'Donnell, Wilfred Blais

Our Wednesday evening session was not the only observance for Educational Week. Thursday, during the A period, a very interesting program was carried out in charge of the English Department. Miss Agnes Wentworth was chairman of the program and opened up the assembly by giving us a few words on Educational Week. Our first speaker was Lois Young, who spoke on the "Constitution," next was Helen Patten who spoke on "Patriotism," Walker, who read an essay on "Illiteracy," came next. Our next speaker was Massimiano, who also read an essay on "Education." Our last speaker was Hariett Moses, who spoke on "Community Day."

This assembly closed our program for Educational Week.

Jennie Corrinet '26

Our night session held Wednesday evening from 5 o'clock to 9 o'clock, November 19, during Educational Week, went off with a bang. The plan was a complete success from the beginning to the end. Over four hundred parents and friends attended and were well pleased with the way that our school is run. Many of the classes had student teachers and in one of the classes a gentleman remarked that in his school days, they never would have been able to have a pupil teacher, so that goes to show that the younger generation has improved. During the sixth period, the musical program which was carried out a few weeks ago before the student body was again presented to the parents.

Among some of the visitors at the school were Mr. Knight, former P.H.S. teacher, but now principal of the Hibbard School.

The student traffic officers who had free periods Wednesday directed the parents to the various rooms.

Seeing that the plan was so successful, it is hoped that it will again be carried out next year during Educational Week.

Assembly

A very interesting program was given under the direction of Miss McCormick of the faculty, November 6th. The program was in three parts. Before each section, Miss Killian gave a reading, giving a brief sketch of the authors' lives and their contributions to the musical world.

THE PROGRAM

Part I

	Part 1	
Selection		<i>Orchestra</i>
Humoresque (Swanee River)		<i>Dnor</i>
Concert for Violin		<i>Ortman</i>

Part II

Wiegenlied	Brahms
Sarabande	Bohm
Swedish Folk Song	Mana Zucca
The Big Brown Bear	Mana Zucca

Part III

A Little Symphony	Beethoven
Adagio (from Sonata Pathetic)	Beethoven
Aloha Oe (Ukelele Quintet)	Princes Likuokalani

Those who took part were:

Lillian Legro, Helen Patten, Morris Poch, Catherine Van Buren, Walter Johnson, Nettie Poch.

Singers:

Singers:
Justine Madden, Josephine Hollister, Florence Preston, Margaret Henry,
Grace Genest, Viola Hutchinson, Marion Barbour.

Junior B Assembly-Com'l

How did you like the Junior B Assembly? Fine! Great! was heard from everyone. For many of the speakers it was their first appearance before an audience, of that size and they more than upheld the honor of their class. Nov. 17, 1924, being Educational Week, the main topics related to Education. Please watch for the events given by the Junior B's.

Elizabeth Phelan

Senior B Assembly**THE PROGRAM**

A. Anderson

The North American Indian

Home-making

Solos

The Child Labor Law:

For

Against

J. Hickey

M. Rice

F. Kennedy accompanied by M. Odett

C. Kirchner

A. Estes

School Spirit and The Traffic System

WHAT is school spirit? Is it the support of the football, baseball, or basketball team? No, not entirely! Yet, this opinion is held by too many of the students of Pittsfield High School. Many say, "I have faithfully attended the games, and have stood by the team; so I have done my part." This is not true! School spirit comprises the support and co-operation of the students in every school undertaking.

Two years ago, we, the students, were given the privilege of controlling our own traffic system. This great privilege has, however, been sorely neglected and abused both by the officers themselves, and the students, passing to and from recitations. The sole reason is the lack of co-operation. We, in order to show our true school spirit, must get together, as we do at the games, and support this undertaking.

Marian Morrison

Our Cadet Corps

Fellows, we have it! We have just what you want; the kind of high school organization that should interest each and every last fellow within the walls of P.H.S. It is the kind of organization which is found in all the other high schools of the country, and it is, therefore, well worthy of its place among the other organizations of P.H.S.

What is this organization or club? It is a military cadet club, which is now known to the students of P.H.S. as the P.H.S.-C.M.T.C.-Cadet Corps. It is a cadet corps which in time will rank second to none throughout the entire country. Why, because the P.H.S. students under the expert military instruction and supervision of two regular army experts, namely, Captain Mullins and Sgt.

Clarkston, can produce and will produce one of the best cadet corps in the country, providing they can secure a reasonable enrollment.

Fellows, here is your chance.

Why not continue to uphold the wonderful standards that past P.H.S. students have set for us in the "military game."

Let's show the citizens that P.H.S. can and will produce a regular cadet corps, which we will be proud of.

Fellows, "Are you with us?"

"Are you ready?"

"If so,"

"Let's Go."

"Sign Up Now."

The P.H.S.-C.M.T.C.-Cadet Corps meets in room 20A every Friday, and then assembles on the Common, or in the Lunch room for regular infantry drill under the direct supervision of Captain Mullins.

G. L. Barnes

Winter Sports for Pittsfield High School

In a recent issue of the Student's Pen I read an article written by one desirous of having winter sports in Pittsfield High School. I wish also to express my favor of the idea. Here is a city which is advertised as a center of winter sports and yet its high school has not made any effort to place a winter sports team of any kind on the field. The fact that some students of our school would care to participate in such events was shown by the way some six or eight who won the senior skating championship cup for the school last year, although little mention was made of it. Hockey and racing seem to be the two most prominent sports, although in event of others wishing a skiing team this latter sport could be given some time. I believe that the reason for not having such teams is the lack of pep in someone to get them started. The cup must be defended this year and now is the time to collect a team to do it. The question might arise as to who would furnish competition in other events and races, but the fact that other high schools in the county had representatives at last year's races gives evidence that the other schools, if approached on the subject, would, without a doubt, get together to form teams, so here's for winter sports at P.H.S. Let's go.

John Bonnington '25

General School Etiquette

What a pupil does outside of school reflects on the school. A pupil who will bring criticism on his school is not a good pupil; he lacks loyalty,—probably always will. An example: Severe criticism has been passed because boys and girls, particularly girls, have acted "loud" on street cars. The golden rule of Etiquette is Never Attract Attention by Loud or Conspicuous Actions. Girls shouting to one another or to the conductor show very poor breeding. What must the other people on the car think?

It is not only when we are in small groups outside of the school that we should avoid criticism. When most of the student body is assembled, we will say at a basketball game, such things as "razzing" the other team, yelling or

shouting, abusive remarks at one player to see if he would become angry and make a mistake thereby giving our team another point. All of this is poor sportmanship. Perhaps the other team is doing it, but that is no excuse for us. It does not show the right spirit. Non-complimentary remarks are passed by outsiders attending the game. Their opinion is worth a great deal to us, therefore, we should help make it satisfactory. No matter how you feel towards the opposing team if they are visiting your city, treat them as you guests. You can make the game a social success as well as an athletic success.

The dances connected with the school where again a large group gathers, good manners and a friendly attitude are essentials. As we have taken up Dance Etiquette, I will not bother with the minor details concerning it; yet there are one or two things that we should not forget.

1. No wall flowers.
2. No stag lines.
3. Respect and consideration toward the chaperons.
4. Self-respect on part of dancers.

Next comes our conduct in the school and the first topic under this is "The Lunch Room." I think we have all experienced the sensation of being carried along on the noonday wave. Little wonder that the teachers have their lunches sent up to their room or walk modestly downstairs after the panic has subsided. Everybody's motto seems to be "First come, first served." It might do in a lumber camp, but not in a high school. Just remember that you are not the only hungry person and that there is plenty of food for everybody.

Table etiquette is not a complicated matter here. I guess we all know enough about it so that we won't forget the most unforgivable mistakes of eating; with your knife and pointing at someone with your fork.

After dinner gossip is not a very good plan. You have seen and heard people, usually a girl, rush up to a group of friends and start off with the customary: "Did you hear this or that." Doesn't it make you feel embarrassed?

Not long ago student traffic officers were appointed to keep order in the hall, this we can say with pride has been successful and the corridors have been quite orderly between periods, but this does not account for the time after and during the lunch period. It has been quite noticeable lately that certain groups will gather during this period and the result is loud talking and improper conduct. It is possible to converse on everyday topics without emphasizing to such an extent.

There are a few general topics left to be taken up mostly concerned with the classroom.

1. Always stand when a teacher addresses you unless she gives you permission to remain seated.
2. Always wait until the teacher has dismissed you before you rise to leave.
3. Speak clearly when talking.
4. Take the right attitude when the teacher or another pupil corrects you. They are only trying to help.
5. Always thank a teacher for her help during make up session. You are taking her time and she does not wish to stay in anymore than you do.

Martha Howes

Street Etiquette

Social intercourse between well bred human beings, when they are brought into contact on the street, in a hotel or restaurant, in public vehicles and in public places, has its niceties of civility, whose non-observance is at once glaringly apparent.

The test which determines the wording of a street greeting is determined by the degree of friendship or intimacy existing between those under the circumstances.

The bow of acknowledgment for the woman or the tipping of the hat for the gentleman is the correct form of courtesy for passing acquaintances. The bow of the woman takes the place of tipping the hat for the men and she should bow also to other women when she meets them in public, to gentlemen, her friends, servants or anyone recognizable by her. However, her bow is done away with when she is with an escort, or when she meets the same person again and again.

Just as the bow is accorded everyone by the woman, so the raised hat is the universal courtesy from a man to a woman, no matter who she is, so long as he is acquainted with her. It is the man's duty to raise his hat, even to his bitterest enemy, if she chose to bow to him, because good form compels him to acknowledge her bow.

Hat tipping is one of the extremely useful courtesies which cover many occasions, for instance—a man tips his hat when offering his seat, in any public place or conveyance, to a stranger, or when a lady makes room for him in a conveyance, or when he steps aside to allow a woman to enter a building. He tips his hat whenever he addresses or takes leave of a lady on the street, or to acknowledge a stranger's courtesy in offering a seat to the lady he is escorting, or whenever he asks a question of any stranger in the street.

Tipping the hat means raising the hat slightly, not removing it for many minutes, but there are times when a gentleman removes his hat. These are few but still they are to be observed by the well-bred man. When the flag passes or the national air is played, every gentleman's hat is removed. Death also commands respect in this form so that when a funeral passes and a man removes his hat, he acknowledges respect to the universal brotherhood of man. Needless to say, when a man enters any room or an elevator he should remove his hat.

Two very familiar forms of greeting for meetings on the street are proper at all times. They are: "How do you do?" or "Good-morning" or "Good-evening," whichever it may be. There is only one phrase that is always proper for taking leave in a street conversation and that is "Good-by."

Last but not least are those small courtesies which common sense prompts men to remember. A man, when walking on the sidewalk with one or more women always walks on the outside or curb side of the woman or women he is accompanying. A man precedes a woman only when they are inconvenienced, are in difficulty or in danger. Examples of these are, if they were walking through a dark, narrow alley or along a marshy path or when forcing their way through a crowd or when they are alighting from a vehicle.

A man always bares his hand to shake hands with a lady, and remembers not to be over hearty since she may have delicate fingers or she may wear rings.

A man never takes hold of a lady's arm except in an emergency. If they were in danger it would be the most natural thing for a man to take hold of the woman's arm.

When a man wants to speak to a lady on the street he does so by making a side approach, tipping the hat, speaking and continuing to walk with her. In speaking, they do so without attracting other people's attention by speaking loudly.

A true gentleman, if he sees a lady, the blind or aged in doubt about crossing the street always offers to help or escort those in doubt.

These few paragraphs sum up most of the smaller courtesies of the street, which should be practised by both men and women and boys and girls in order to become true gentlemen and gentlewomen.

F. H. Baglee

Cheering

Think of your cheers as articles to sell and of the student body as salesmen. You certainly wouldn't sell the public an inferior commodity, neither would you give them a cheer that lacked the spirit and the co-operation of the students. You've got to snap your cheers across. Make them sound like a car with the cutout wide open. We can do it. We've got the right stuff.

E. G. Hubbel

O'er each sloping hill and valley,
Gazed the moon from far above,
Looking o'er his vast possessions,
Like a knight on lady love.
Tiny lanterns spot the heavens,
All about are shafts of light
Shining from this land of wonder
On the snow so calm and white.
Then, we gaze with wrapt amazement,
At each marvel, here and there,
Praising Him who makes and cares for,
Lifting up our hearts in prayer.

Monica Killeen



JOKES

Favorite Expressions of Teachers

Miss Day: "Don't be so silly."

Miss Pfeiffer: "My dear child."

Mrs. Bennet: "There's no sich animile."

Miss Morse: "Is that so?"

Miss Kaliher: "Heavens!"

Mr. Bulger: "Oh Sugar!"

Miss Flynn: "Oh class!!!"

Miss Mills, (in Library 2nd period): "What are you here for? ? ?"

Mr. Brierly: "Now in my home town."

Mr. Larkin: "Got that? Got that?"

* * * *

E. Hunter, (before giving a speech, patted her hair here and there, straightened her tie, then turning to Miss Bassett, said): "There do I look all right?"

Miss Day: "You'll do, who do you expect in this period, Miss Hunter, The Prince of Wales?"

* * * *

Mr. Hayes: "Can anyone tell me where Mr. Larkin is?"

Mr. Larkin: "I'm here."

Mr. Hayes: "Where?" Then Mr. Larkin emerges from a group of about twenty girls.

* * * *

Miss Conlin: "Who was Theodasious?"

Garrison: "Oh, he killed a guy at a banquet."

Miss Conlin: "This is a bloodthirsty class, you always remember the murders."

* * * *

Nancy Wellington, (to S. Gamwell): "Well, good night."

S. Gamwell: "Good night, I'll see you again."

N. Wellington: "Not if I see you first."

* * * *

H. Durant: "You're so wise can you tell me what Doodle-Doo is?"

F. Gamwell: "Sure."

H. Durant: "What?"

F. Gamwell: "Baby talk!"

* * * *

C. Jordan: "What is a radiator?"

R. Palmer: "Oh, it's a part of a radio."

* * * *

G. Whittlesey: "Oh, shucks it's snowing."

Ed. Hubbel: "Well, what of it?"

G. Whittlesey: "Well, how do you expect anyone to see my new shoes now, I'll have to wear overshoes."

Mr. Lucey: "Meagher, I'll give you one day to hand in that paper."

T. Meagher: "All right. How about the 4th of July?"

* * * *

Mr. Brierly: "What would you do if you were the Prime Minister of England before the Revolutionary War?"

E. Bradley: "Resign!"

* * * *

Mrs. Bennet had been talking for ten minutes about Vicksburg and Fredricksburg and finally said, "Now who can give me the primary line of defense?"

Fitch: (raised his hand).

Mrs. Bennet: "All right, Fitchburg."

* * * *

In 1950:

Customer: "I want to buy a Ford."

Clerk: "Just step in the next room and drop a nickel in the slot."

* * * *

Burbank: (After a discussion about shoes). "My shoes don't hurt."

Campion: "Well why should they, you wear a size twelve."

Miss Day: "You shouldn't say anything, Campion, yours look like thirteens."

* * * *

C. Morton: "What is your brother in Springfield doing?"

N. Cate: "He's in the shoe business."

C. Morton: "In the shoe business?"

H. Cate: "Yes, in his last letter he said he was a "bootlegger"."

* * * *

Miss Flynn: (Asking names of those who would like to correspond with Spanish boys and girls). "Milne would you like me to take your name."

Milne: "Yes, if she's nice."

* * * *

Educational night one girl got so nervous in Algebra class she subtracted 66 from 75 and got 32.

* * * *

E. Kelly: "My sweetie is a Swede."

M. Kelly: "Oh! what could be sweder."

* * * *

C. Lind: "I sez—"

Mrs. Bennet: "Lind, that sounds like two old maids gossiping. She sez to me, she sez and I sez to her, sez I."

* * * *

Small Boy: "Ma, why did you buy these pants for me?"

Mother: "Why, what's the matter with them?"

Small Boy: "Well, they're tighter than my skin."

Mother: "How could anything be tighter than your skin?"

Small Boy: "Well, I can sit down in my skin, but I'll be darned if I can sit down in these pants."

J. Hickey: "I think I'll sue Miss Morris for libel."

C. Chapman: "What for?"

J. Hickey: "She wrote on my English paper: your antecedants are bad and your relatives are very poor."

* * * *

Miss Mills, (6th period Virgil): "Klien who was Teuton?"

Klien, (dreamily): "Sandwich cookies with ice cream between."

* * * *

Why foreigners give up in despair trying to learn the English language: "The goods we send in a ship we call a cargo, and the goods we send in a car, a shipment."

* * * *

Controy: "Been deer huntin' yet?"

T. Doyle: "No, goin' this afternoon from two to three."

* * * *

Bob Goodman: "Is the pleasure of this dance going to be mine?"

E. MacRoberts: "Yes—exclusively."

* * * *

M. McLaughlin: "I'd ask you in only the light in the parlor is broken."

C. Trudell, (hastily): "Oh, I don't mind a little thing like that."

* * * *

Miss Flynn, (to Harold Houser): "What are you doing?"

H. Houser: "A Crossword puzzle."

Miss Flynn: "Bring it here!" (A few minutes later) "Can anyone tell me another word for evolution?"

* * * *

Mr. Hayes to E. Hunter: "What's your name?"

E. Hunter, (putting on): "Miss Hunter."

Mr. Hayes: "Your first name?"

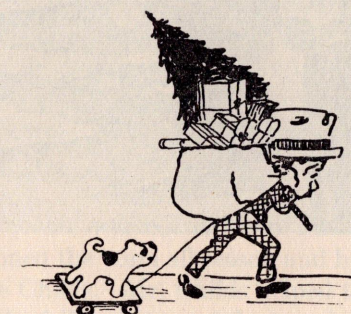
E. Hunter: "Miss *Ethel* Hunter."

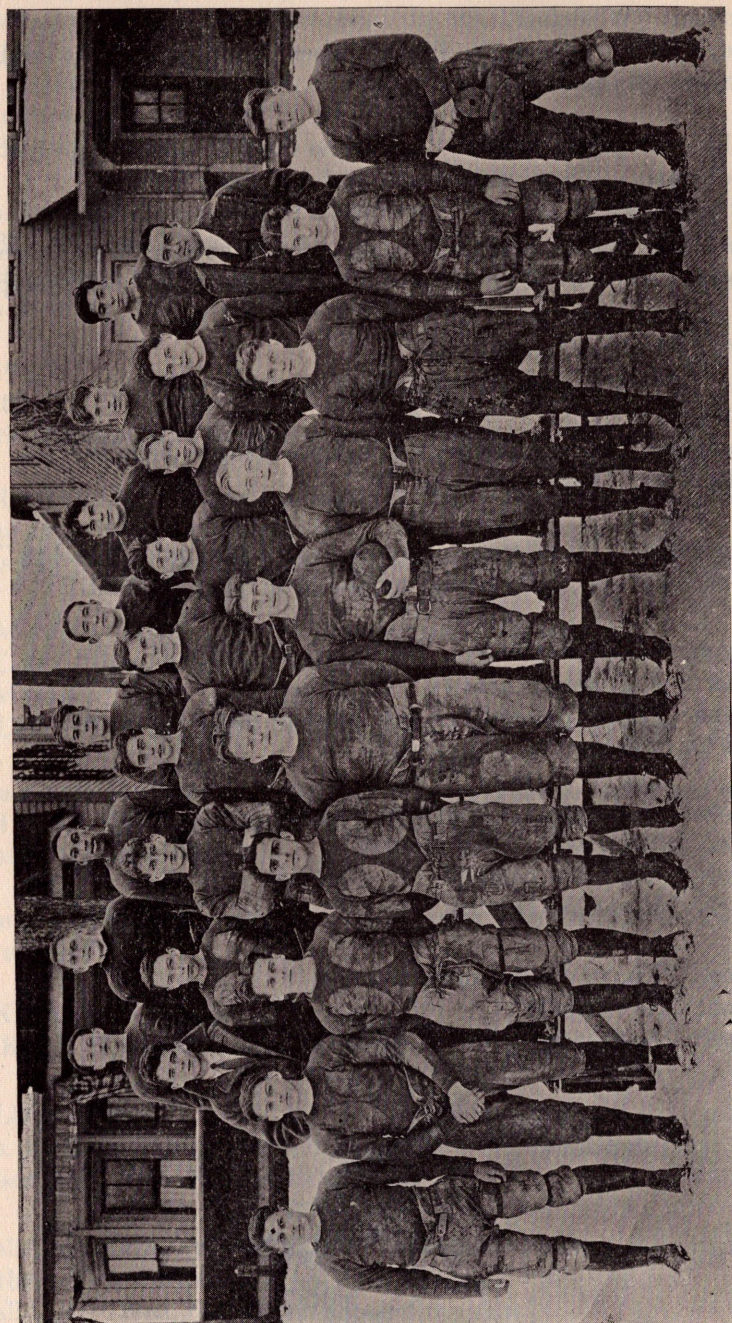
* * * *

I. Loveless: "I'm an original nut."

N. Nealon: "How's that?"

I. Loveless: "I admit it."





1924 FOOTBALL TEAM

ATHLETICS

Between The Goal Posts

When "Fran" Almstead was "knocked out" in the first half of the Thanksgiving Day game, "Billy" Whalen received an injury to his hip which was so bad that he was hardly able to walk. He was unable to get down under the center to receive the pass so that we had to rely upon the direct pass for all the plays.

The field was extremely muddy for the second Dalton game, making the players' uniforms wet and heavy. Between the halves, the P. H. S. players changed uniforms in the club house at the park. The players appeared for the last two quarters in dark blue and white jerseys instead of the regular purple ones with the numerals.

* * * *

Members of the school team who have been picked by the North Adams Herald for berths on the All-Berkshire team are:

First team:

"Fran" Almstead—left end.

"Jim" Maloy—right guard.

Second team:

"Chuck" Sullivan—right end.

"Billy" Whalen—quarter-back.

"Ted" Combs—left half-back.

Third team:

"Tommy" Doyle, our captain—left guard.

Clarence Trudell—right tackle.

* * * *

"Pep" Angelo who played a great game at full back had to leave the game late in the second half because of injuries

* * * *

Clarence Trudell dislocated his elbow in the play that Maloy scored on. Clarence was out for the rest of the season. Both bones of the forearm were dislocated, one forward and one backward.

* * * *

There was lots of cheering from both sides of the field at the St. Joseph games.

* * * *

"Jim" Maloy, our 240 pound guard, broke thru and blocked Stanton's punt, in the St. Joseph game. After this he picked up the ball on the four yard line and scored the second touchdown. The ability to score does not seem to be monopolized by the backfield.

* * * *

Mr. Carmody, our coach, was not in town Thanksgiving Day for our game. He coached and conditioned the team all season and had it for the "big clash" then turned it over to George Childs. Mr. Childs helped the coach in the early part of the season and all thru the fall took care of the team's injuries.

Pittsfield High Decisively Defeated St. Joseph's High 19 to 0

Pittsfield High captured the City championship, Saturday, November 15, by defeating the fighting team from the parochial school. The score was the most decisive registered by either team over the other in a number of years.

Pittsfield kicked off, opening the game, and after two plays punted. Pittsfield started a drive from the opponants 40-yard line and on eight plays carried the ball over, Whalen going over and Combs kicking the point after. St. Joseph's was held for downs on our 40-yard line after working the ball to that position from the kick-off. After several plays and an exchange of punts P. H. S. carried the ball to the 20-yard line where it was held for downs. Maloy, the P. H. S. right guard broke thru and blocked Stanton's punt. Trudell made a dive for the ball but missed it. Stanton went down at the same time Trudell did and Maloy picked the ball up on St. Joseph's 4-yard line and ran over for a touchdown. There was no further scoring in that half.

Both teams carried and punted the ball in the third period. The period ended with P. H. S. in possession of the ball 29 yards from a score. Whalen tossed a pass to Sullivan for a 24-yard gain. Angelo made four yards and Combs took the ball over.

In the last few minutes Coach Carmody sent in quite a number of subs.

Statistics of the team that played against St. Joseph's High:

Player	Position	Class	Weight	Height	Age
Almstead	l.e.	'27	155	5'10"	16
Potter	l.t.	'26	150	6'	17
Maloy	l.g.	'25	240	6'2"	17
Hickey	l.g.	'25	140	5'8"	16
Hollister	c.	'25	148	6'	17
Doyle (Capt.)	r.g.	'25	150	6'	19
Hanford	r.g.	'27	155	5'11"	17
Trudell	r.t.	'26	155	5'7½"	16
Hayn	r.t.	'25	148	6'	17
Sullivan	r.e.	'26	140	5'8"	16
Heaney	r.c.	'25	145	5'10"	17
Combs	l.h.b.	'26	132	5'4½"	17
Garrison	r.h.b.	'27	139	5'7"	17
Ano	r.h.b.	'26	135	5'7"	15
Angelo	f.b.	'25	145	5'7½"	19
Nolan	f.b.	'26	152	5'9"	16
Whalen	q.b.	'26	147	5'7½"	17
Stickles	q.b.	'25	145	5'11"	17

Total weight of all eighteen players:—2721 lbs.

Average weight of all eighteen players:—151.2 lbs.

Average height of all eighteen players:—5 ft. 9 inches.

Average weight of the line which started the game:—162.5 lbs.

Average weight of the backfield which started the game:—140.7 lbs.

Average age of all eighteen players:—17 years.

P. H. S.

Almstead l.e.
Potter, l.t.
Maloy, Hickey, l.g.
Hollister, c.
Doyle, (Capt.), Hanford, r.g.
Trudell, Doyle, Hayn, r.t.
Sullivan, Heaney, r.e.
Combs, l.h.b.
Angelo, Nolan, f.b.
Garrison, Ano, r.h.b.
Whalen, Stickles, q.b.

Referee: Dunn, Adams. Umpire: Farrell, Dalton. Head linesman: Allen, North Adams. Time—four 12 minute periods. Touchdowns: Whalen, Maloy, Combs. Point after touchdown: Combs.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH

Kirby, Maher r.e.
Wise, (Capt.), r.t.
Shea, r.g.
Philbin, c.
O'Hearn, l.g.
Stanton, l.t.
Mackie, Omelia, l.e.
Gilson, r.h.b.
McNeice, f.b.
Naughton, Gillett, l.h.b.
Coakley, St. James, q.b.

Pittsfield High Defeats Dalton High in Great Thanksgiving Day Game

P. H. S. turned the tables and after being defeated by Dalton earlier in the season scored a six to two win on a very muddy field. A crowd of 3000 witnessed the contest which was hard fought and rather rough.

Pittsfield completely outrushed the visitors, scoring early in the second period. The period opened with the ball in Pittsfield's possession on Dalton's 10-yard line. On the first play Lee of Dalton was penalized for unnecessary roughness, putting the ball on the one yard line. "Ted" Combs scored the touchdown but failed to kick the goal. P. H. S. received the kick-off and Angelo let the ball touch him before it went over the goal line. He downed the ball in the end zone making the safety.

In the fourth period Kidney intercepted a Pittsfield forward pass and ran 60 yards to his own goal line, but it seems that he caught the ball near the side lines and started up the field. Whalen dove at him failing to bring him down but driving him outside, so the score was not allowed.

Line-up:

PITTSFIELD HIGH

Almstead, l.e.
Potter, l.t.
Maloy, Hickey, l.g.
Hollister, c.
Hanford, r.g.
Doyle, (Capt.), r.t.
Sullivan, r.e.
Whalen, Stickles, q.b.
Combs, l.h.b.
Garrison, Ano, r.h.b.
Angelo, Nolan, f.b.

DALTON HIGH

Glendon, r.e.
Lee, r.t.
Depew, r.g.
Fahey, c.
Main, l.g.
Murphy, l.t.
Williams, l.e.
Murray, q.b.
Callahan, r.h.b.
Kidney, l.h.b.
Kelly, (Capt.) f.b.

Score: Pittsfield 6, Dalton 2. Referee: Graham, Williams; Umpire: "Bob" Dunn; Adams. Linesman: Elwin Dunn, Adams. Time: four 12 minute periods.

The scorers of the P. H. S. team are:—

Player	Position	Touchdowns	Points after Touchdowns	Total
Combs	l.h.b.	5	5	35
Whalen	q.b.	2	.	12
Garrison	r.h.b.	2	.	12
Pomeroy	f.b.	1	.	6
Angelo	f.b.	1	.	6
Maloy	guard	1	.	6
Total		12	5	77

* * * *

The Hi-Y Club gave the team a reception November 20. All the "bum" hips, knees, and ankles were forgotten for the time being.

* * * *

The North Adams Transcript says in reference to the P. H. S. game: "500 students were led in a parade from the school to the grounds by the band, the superintendent of schools and the principal of the high school."

* * * *

"Joe" Gilson, St. Joseph's right half-back, made the longest run of the game. He carried the ball 35 yards on an end run and brought the losers within striking distance of our goal—but Pittsfield held.

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EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

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*are always acceptable,
and especially so
if from*

The Flower Shop

40 FENN ST.

...ly, an ex-
...but Pittsfield hel-

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1825th run of the game.
...the losers within striking

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sickness if you retain those bad
teeth. Have them out at once
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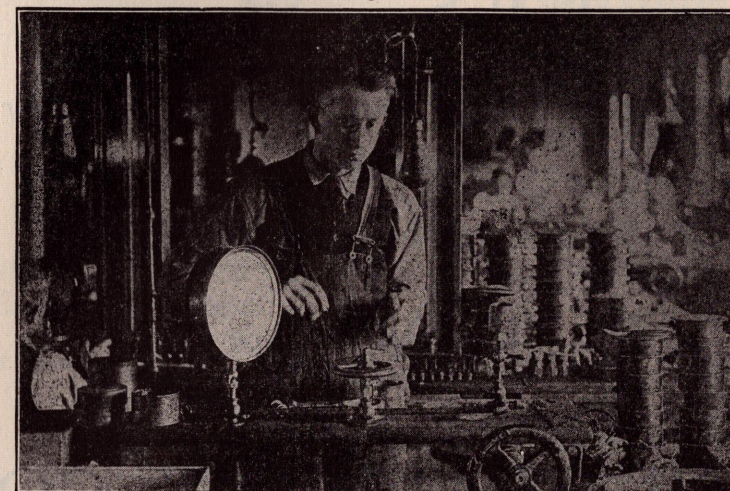
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